



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

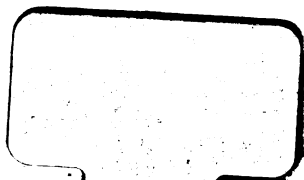
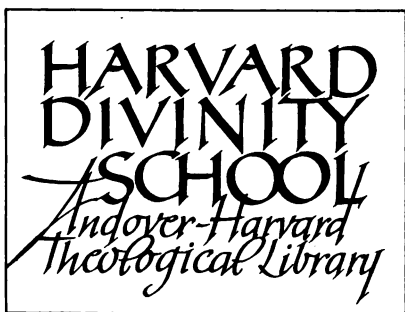
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

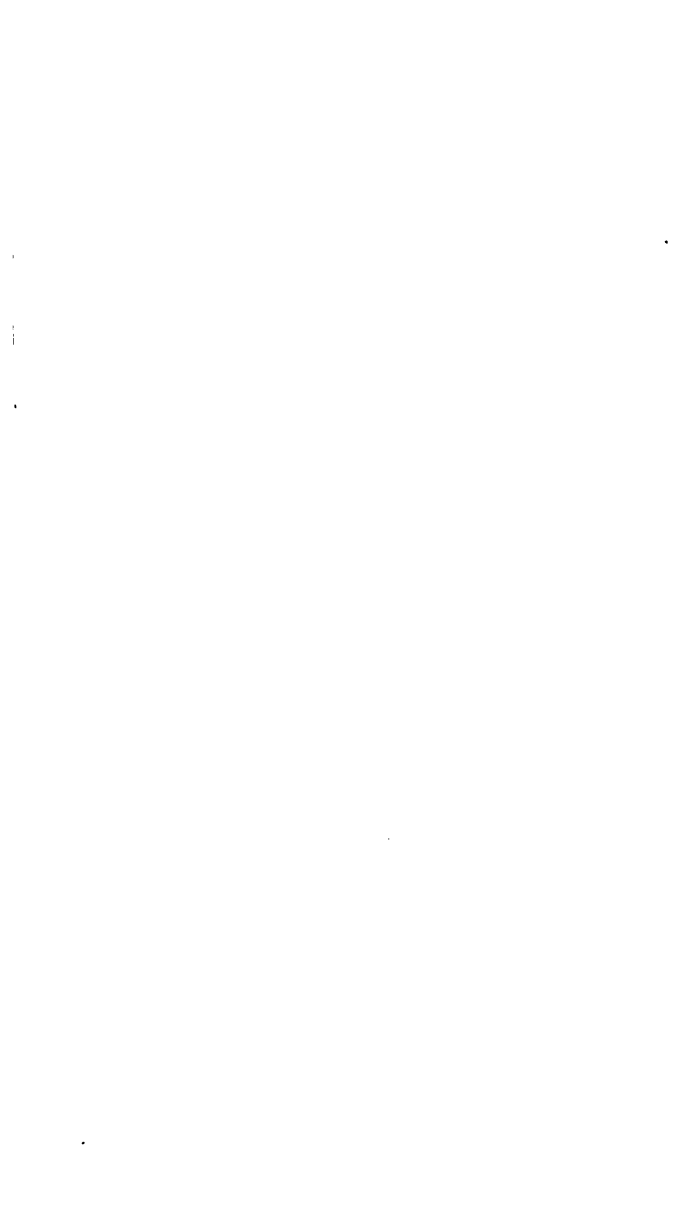
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

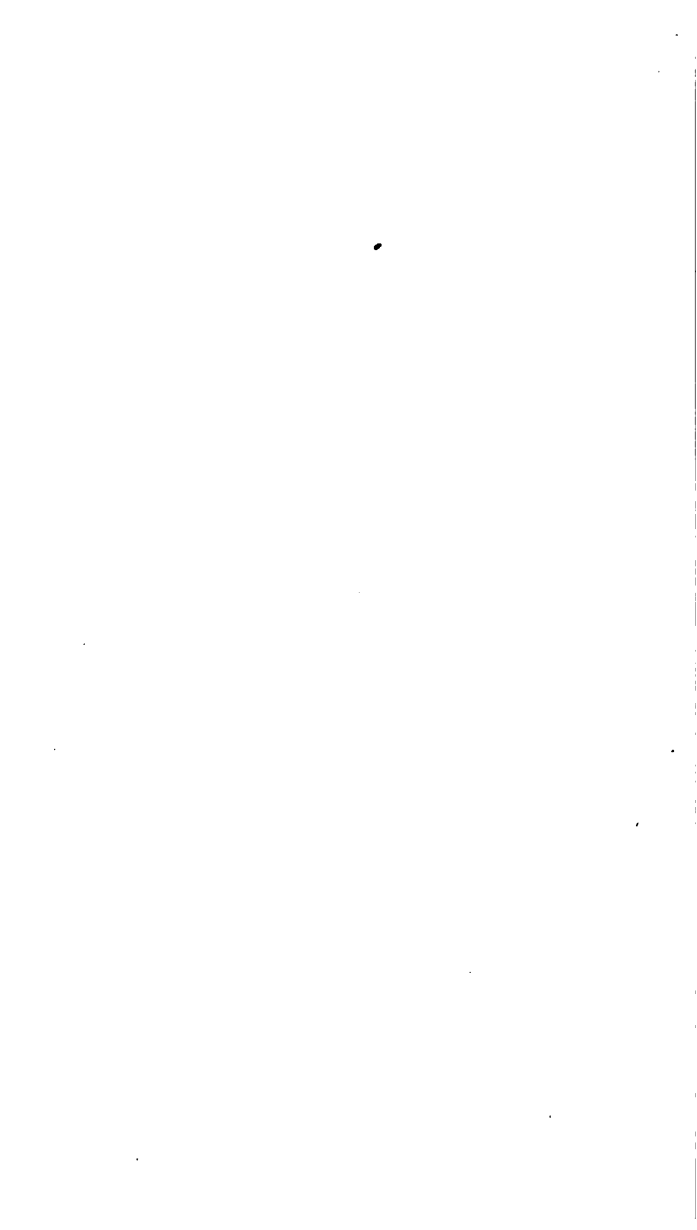
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









A
S E L E C T I O N

OF

H Y M N S A N D P O E M S ;

For the use of Believers

Collected from sundry Authors,

McNehmar, Richard

~~BY PHILoS HARMONIE~~

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to
Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads,"
Isaiah.

WATERVLIET, (OHIO)

1833.

21. 1. 1930
1. 1. 1930

CR 30
13

PREFACE

783sh

AMONG all the abundant treasures of the gospel, with which the people of God are blessed, in this day of Christ's second appearing, the gift of songs claims a distinguished place. It is a gift in which Believers can best unite their feelings of joy and thanksgiving for the gospel—in which they can lift up their voices together in praise to God, while they express their faith & feelings in all the manifestations of Christ to his people, and their sense of the inestimable privileges which they enjoy. Agreeably to ancient prophecy, they can "sing in the height of Zion, and flow together to the goodness of the Lord." Herein true Believers can feel their spirits assimilated to saints and angels in the spiritual world, where the highest praise and thanksgiving are poured forth in the blessed gift of songs.

The object of this Selection is, in the first place, to preserve a variety of Hymns & Poems which have been composed by the Believers of different places, and which, at the time, were considered more or less edifying and useful, and may be so in future, on similar occasions. With this view they are submitted to the several orders, to be read or sung as Wisdom may direct, whether in worship, or on other occasions of mutual edification.

Another object is—To promote general union among Believers, and perpetuate the various impressions attending those gifts in their first operations: For in singing a lively Hymn, or perusing any striking piece of poetry, it is not uncommon to imbibe a degree of the spirit that dictated it. But we think it improper to attach such a degree of importance to any composition whatever, as would bind or embarrass the free exercise of genius, or limit the living effusions of the Divine Spirit. Yet we fondly hope that so great a taste for novelty will never be indulged as to set at naught those simple gifts, which, from the earliest date of our social existence, have been mighty, through God, to the support and increase of the gospel.

Many of those hymns and poems have been taken from transcripts more or less incorrect;—all palpable errors we have carefully corrected, and in some cases, with the author's approbation) have somewhat altered the phraseology; but never intentionally to nullify the original sense. Nor do we think it commendable, to take much pains in altering hymns to please a fleeting fancy. Such sang-froid alterations are generally for the worse, except what may simply relate to literary corrections.

Many things in this selection would have been excluded, or at least much altered, had it been any part of our object to suit the taste of the learned world, or even the reputedly pious citizens of the old heaven who are so averse to offering any praise, honor or devotional respect to any other than a mere doctrinal and far-distant Deity; but we have not so learned Christ. The gospel has taught us that whatsoever we do unto the least of his disciples, we do it unto him; therefore seeing Believers are taught to love, serve, and fear God in each other, according to the relation in which they mutually stand, it need not seem strange that their songs of praise, honor and thanksgiving for the gospel, should be formed accordingly.

The general sentiments held forth in this selection, are conformable to the present faith and testimony of Believers, and altho we have studied no systematic arrangement, yet as there are certain radical points of doctrine congenial to our faith, we have thought proper to begin with the first lesson taught in the school of revelation, which is the fallen state of human nature; then advancing into the resurrection, branch off into the various views & exercises pertaining to the New-Creation; whether in exposing the corruptions of a false church and a depraved world, or teaching and admonishing one another to the faithful practice of every gospel-virtue. By particular request, we insert a number of hymns sacred to the memory of the deceased—all which afford a cheering prospect of our happy association in one harmonious throng, when our labors and sufferings, in time, are faithfully finished.

A SELECTION OF HYMNS AND POEMS.

PART I. HYMN I.

The Cause and Effect of Man's Fall.

East

WHAT baleful spirit, what malignant cause,
Leads man to violate his maker's laws,
To fill the world with hatred, war, and strife,
Ambition, fraud, and all the ills of life?

1. By satan tempted, man at first became
A slave to lust, an heir of sin and shame
God's righteous laws were wholly set at nought;
And in the snares of lust the man was caught.

2. When lust conceiv'd then sin receiv'd its birth,
And man became a captive on the earth;
Then sympathetic nature caught the flame,
And fill'd the world with sin and endless shame.

3. How many branches sprang from this vile root,
Produc'd in man by the forbidden fruit!
How all his sons and daughters are inflam'd,
And through deceit, a great command have claim'd

4. What streams of blood from human veins have run,
Since lust in man its foul career begun!
It can't be told, nor will it e'er be penn'd,
How far and wide the fruits of lust extend.

5. Could darkness speak, and tell what man has done
In her dark realms, secreted from the sun,
The earth would blush to feel the foul disgrace,
And spurn her sons and daughters from her face.

7. See mortal man, for human blood athirst!
 Enrag'd by sin, arising from his lust;
 And bloody plains must witness human guilt,
 And forests groan where vital blood is spilt.

8. Debas'd by sin which does the senses bind,
 While unbelief bewilders all the mind,
 The soul asleep, the senses bound in death,
 Thus man becomes a curse upon the earth.

6. Here deeper scenes unfold upon my view,
 Where antichrist enchants his blinded crew;
 With empty rites, what millions are deceiv'd,
 Altho in Christ, they say they have believ'd.

10. What soul can sense the darken'd state of man,
 And view the awful source whence sin began,
 And not be struck with wonder and amaze,
 That God in mercy lengthens out his days.

The following extract from Shuckford's History of the world, will show in what light the Fall of Man has been viewed, by sensible men of past ages.

Expositors of Scripture (say Dr. Shuckford) are divided into two classes, the literal and allegorical. The allegorical interpreters say, that the serpent is the symbol of lust and sensual pleasure:— that Adam and Eve's being tempted by the serpent means, that they were drawn away and enticed by their own lusts and appetites:— That the fact in truth was, that they were originally formed for a state of happiness and perfection, which they forfeited and lost, by following their lusts and passions, in opposition to the will of their Creator. Now if this be the true way of interpreting Moses, it must follow, that the enmity appointed against the serpent, means an opposition to the insinuations of sinful appetites, a striving against sin; and that the event of this contest must be, that our sinful appetites and lusts will often hurt, but that if we will press forwards, in the end, we shall capitally wound and subdue them.

† See Middleton's Essay, p. 131. Shuck. Hist. vol. 2. p. 180.

WE read, when God created man,
He made him able then to stand
United to his Lord's command
That he might be protected;
But when, through Eve, he was deceiv'd,
And to his wife in lust had cleav'd,
And of forbidden fruit receiv'd,
He found himself rejected.

2. And thus, we see, death did begin,
When Adam first fell into sin,
And judgment on himself did bring,
Which he could not dissemble:
Old Adam then began to plead,
And tell the cause as you may read;
But from his sin he was not freed,
Then he did fear and tremble.

3. Compel'd from Eden now to go,
Bound in his sins, with shame and woe,
And there to feed on things below—
His former situation:
For he was taken from the earth,
And blest with a superior birth
But, dead in sin, he's driven forth
From his blest habitation,

4. Now his lost state continues still,
In all who do their fleshly will,
And of their lust do take their fill,
And say they are commanded:
Thus they go forth and multiply,
And so they plead to justify
Their basest crimes, and so they try
To ruin souls more candid.

5. Their daily fruits are plainly seen,
Their filthy works keep them unclean,
Yet quite religious they would seem,
While in their lusts they wallow:

They talk about their happy state,
 And think themselves at heaven's gate,
 Yet Christ's commands they plainly hate,
 Nor his example follow:

6. Old antichristians now do call
 On God, to save them from the fall,
 While priests and people, one and all,
 Are sunk in their pollutions:
 And they will all unite and say,
 They cannot cease from sin one day;
 And so they preach, and so they pray
 All bound in their delusions.

7. And still they're daily growing worse,
 While living in their pride and lust,
 And will receive that which is just,
 For their abomination:
 For God, who is forever true,
 Will give the sinner his just due;
 If he his sins will still pursue,
 He's sure of condemnation.

8. Benighted souls! you can't survey
 The work of God, in this great day,
 Unless you put your sins away,
 And seek your soul's salvation:
 But you may travel from your loss,
 By self-denial and the cross;
 So in this way you may rejoice,
 And find a just relation.

9. Awake, and hear the solemn sound,
 From those who stand on Zion's ground,
 Who in Christ's coming now have found
 A blessed Mediator,
 By honestly confessing sin
 And quitting all their works unclean,
 And by this door have enter'd in,
 To praise their gear Creator.

By Elder i. B. W. U. Feb. 1817.

First Adam being dead, yet speaketh, in a dialogue with his children.

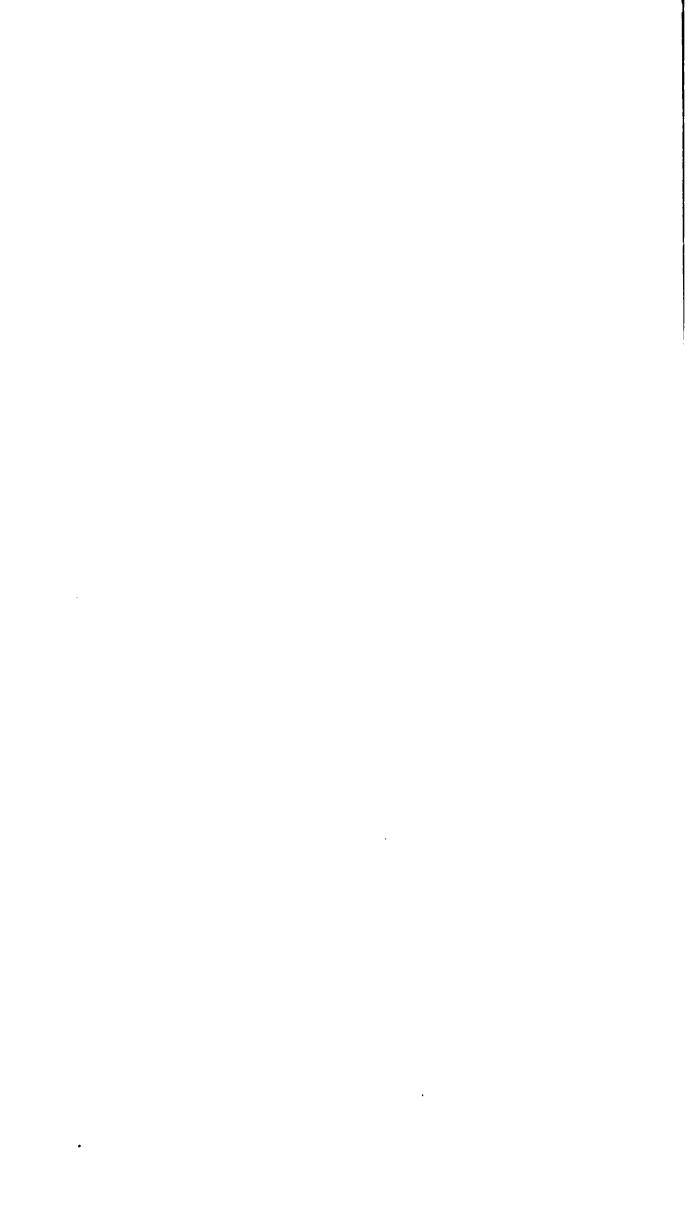
Ch. First Father Adam where art thou?
With all thy num'rous fallen race;
We must demand an answer now,
For time hath stript our hiding place.
Wast thou in nature made upright—
Fashion'd and plac'd in open light?

2. Ad. Yea truly I was made upright:
This truth I never have deny'd,
And while I liv'd I lov'd the light,
But I transgress'd and then I dieth.
Ye've heard that I transgress'd and fall—
This ye have heard your fathers tell.

3. Ch. Pray tell us how this sin took place—
This myst'ry we could never scan,
That sin has sunk the human race,
And all brought in by the first man.
'Tis said this is our heavy curse—
Thy sin imputed unto us.

4. Ad. When I was plac'd on Eden's soil,
I liv'd by keeping God's commands—
To keep the garden all the while,
And labor, working with my hands.
I need not toil beyond my pow'r,
Yet never waste one precious hour.

5. But in a careless idle frame,
I gazed about on what was made:
And idle hands will gather shame,
And wand'ring eyes confuse the head:
I drop'd my hoe and pruning knife,
To view the beauties of my wife.



18. When Christ the SECOND ADAM came,
 (My antitype and referee,)
 He reassumed my rightful name,
 Which the impostor stole from me.
A lam the Second now began
 To show the first created *Man*.

19. Endu'd with pow'r he took the field,
 And kept the new-created spot;
 Tho' Satan tempt'd, he did not yield,
 But kept God's law, in ev'ry jot:
 One idle hour he never spent.—
 Still on his Father's business bent.

20. Ch. What was his bus'ness? pray be plain:
 We've often read the scriptures through,
 And after all, we still remain
 Deprav'd and lost in all we do.
 We read that he was made a curse,—
 Fulfil'd the law, and died for us.

21. Ad. That's a mistake:—now hear me thro'
 If ye his bus'ness understood
 It was all evil to subdue,
 And do and save all that is good.
 What God created was all good,
 But when I fell the evil stood.

22. He did not come to save those priests,
 Who stood and pray'd in open sight;
 Nor yet to seek and save those beasts,
 With glit'ring swords prepar'd to fight.
 He came (tho' it his life should cost)
 To seek and save that which is lost.

23. But none of these were lost at all,
 They've been in sight in ev'ry land,
 And all the murder since the fall
 Has been committed by their hand,
 Yet there's a good tho' it be small,
 Lies lost and bur'd in the fall.

24. His living pow'r he did not use
 To raise a prince. and crown his head;
 All earthly pomp he did refuse;
 He came with pow'r to raise the dead.
 As You're the branches, I the tree,
 He came to raise the dead in me.

25. He did not come to give new life
 To beastly man, and change his breed;
 Nor did he quicken man and wife,
 To multiply their wretched seed;
 For this, by all the pow'rs of hell,
 Was rais'd and quicken'd when I fell.

26. This is the man by heaven sent,
 To do the work none other could,—
 To new-create what I had rent,
 And form anew all things in God.
 By my transgression all was dead,—
 By his obedience all was made.

27. Now hear his voice, "Come out, come
 If ye eternal life would see, [out,
 Deny thyself, turn right about,—
 Take up thy cross and follow me"
 The dead begin to hear his voice,
 And they that hear live and rejoice.

28. His dreadful voice was so obscure,
 The beast perceiv'd some awful shock:
 The priests could not the sight endure,
 To see so many round him flock.
 In him was life for all the dead,
 But how the living were afraid!

29. The beast and all his seed combine,
 The priests his agents plan'd it so,
 To take his life as he did mine.
 But drunk with rage he miss'd his blow.
 He only kill'd what was his own;
 But of the Christ brake not a bone.

30. Now see him rising from the *dead*;
 He has been down to visit *them*:
 Eternal vict'ry crowns his head;
 Now ye may rise and wear the same:
 And if his footsteps ye will trace,
 Ye need no other hiding place.

31. Now since ye did my name invoke,
 Requesting me to answer you,
 I've told the truth in all I've spoke,
 That which your fathers never knew:
 But if in death ye will remain.
 Ye need not trouble me again.

TRUTH AND ERROR DISCRIMINATED. *By E. V.*

WITH pious pretensions, and lying inventions,
 The devil so long has impos'd upon man;
 That many have feared, when truth has appeared,
 Lest this be another new counterfeit plan:
 In all they've believed, they've been so deceived,
 They apprehend nothing but some pious cheat;
 But all their vain clatter can't alter the matter,
 For truth, in the end, will all error defeat..

2. Poor Infidels stumble, to see such a jumble,
 But their witty arguments never will do:
 For no false religion would any engage in,
 Unless it were mixed with something that's true.
 In counterfeit metal there must be a little
 Of the lawful coin, or it never would pass;
 The cheat has to pilfer some pure gold and silver,
 To wash the outside of his pewter and brass,

3. The apothecary may justly be sorry
 To see the vain quack, or the person unskill'd,
 His medicine mixing, confounding and fixing,
 Till in the true simple all virtue is kill'd.
 This counterfeit mixer to form his elixir,
 Some portion of good with the evil must blend,
 And what he has feigned, in part is retained,
 Or his feigned physic he never could vend.

4. The wise regulator of innocent nature
 Made all things harmonious and good in their kind;
 But Satan's intrusion drove all to confusion,
 By blending the gross with the pure and refin'd:
 All parts of creation, once good in their station,
 Now fell from their order, and sunk out of view,
 And all kinds of evil were forg'd by the Devil,
 And grac'd with the names of the good and the true,

5. A true revelation was heaven's foundation
 For ruling all parts of creation aright;
 But Satan intruded, and man was deluded,
 By list'ning to him as an angel of light;
 "Come on, (says the Devil) and learn good and evil,
 I'm sent to inform you of this happy tree;
 If wisdom you covet, come freely eat of it:—
 God knows how much better you'll presently see."

6. Ten thousand false teachers and satanic preachers
 Have run with their doctrines & spread them abroad;
 And fortifi'd legions in bold disobedience,
 Upon the pretended foreknowledge of God.
 Like Satan their master, they daub and they plaster
 With pompous expressions well form'd to deceive;
 With great affectation they offer salvation
 To any vile wretch who will only believe.

7. The multiplication of the old creation
 They're sure to hold forth as a weighty command.
 And what law can hinder old Adam to gender,
 And propagate men to replenish the land?
 But truly he never obey'd the law-giver,
 For when the old serpent had oped'd his eyes,
 He sought nothing greater than just to please nature,
 And work like a serpent in human disguise.

8. It must be confessed, his work has progressed,
 And millions of millions have swarm'd on the earth;
 But their propagator has mock'd the Creator,
 By filling the world with a counterfeit birth.

By Satan transformed, in legions they've swarmed
Through ev'ry profession that's noble and true;
No high appellation in God's true creation
But has been assum'd by this serpentine crew.

9. Their great legislators, were poor sinful creatures,
Their sanctifi'd priest, with their prophet and king,
When stript of their feathers, were just like all others,
The best a transgressor—a poor wretched thing.
Tho true light from heaven, was frequently given,
They only abus'd it to cover the fraud;
The highest pretender, in truth, could not gender
An innocent creature—a true child of God.

10. The Jew, Greek, & Roman, the man and the
Of ev'ry description, relation and kin, [woman
By Satan outwitted, were all counterfeited,
Sunk into corruption, and sold under sin;
Then why should we wonder, if truth comes like thun-
To rack the foundation of all that is past; [der,
If the old creation be smote with vexation,
And counterfeit Christians stand pale and aghast.

11. The regeneration will hold no relation
To any compound that is mixed with sin:
If guilt be contracted, the man is rejected,
The gate is too narrow, he cannot get in.
While truth comes out blazing, it seems quite amaz-
That the new creation the old should destroy; [ing,
But tho it seem cruel, this furnace and fuel
Will just save the gold from its useless alloy.

12. Such tearing asunder, need not be a wonder,
Since God is determin'd he will disannul
The corrupted creature oppos'd to his nature,
From the meanest slave to the greatest Mogul.
With truth now surrounded, the world are confounded,
And all carnal reason must utterly yield,
Thus Truth is victorious, the Gospel all glorious,
When the *Son of Man* is in Zion reveal'd. U. V. 1817,

The Soul, and Sensual Principle separated.

ADIEU to old *ADAM* the *FIRST* !

Your union I covet no more:

Your root and your branches are curs'd,

And now you shall settle the score;

A while you may struggle for breath,

And cry for some power to save.

But when you are silent in death,

My spirit shall dance on your grave.

2. Poor Adam you ate of that fruit,

Of which you were strictly forbade;

And since you've become like a brute,

Your nature no longer is hid:

Your works, now laid open to view,

Bear witness how basely you fell;

So now I shall bid you adieu,

And wish you safe landed in hell.

3. A while you may cavil and fret,

And think that the cross is too hard;

But now you may take what you get,

For death is your righteous reward:

In *Adam the Second*, I trust,

My beautifi'd spirit shall find

A body that's free from all lust,

And pure as the heaven-born mind.

HYMN VI. *The New Creation.*

O Bless and praise the New creation,
Which will ev'ry sin destroy!

Here we find complete salvation—

Everlasting peace and joy.

Source of happiness and comfort

—Unto all who will obey!

Rise my soul! and reign triumphant,

Over ev'ry evil way.

Victory over the Man of sin,

Souls that hunger for salvation,
 And have put their sins away,
 Now may find a just relation;
 If they cheerfully obey;
 They may find the new creation,
 And may boldly enter in
 By the door of free salvation,
 And subdue the Man of sin.

2. Thus made free from that relation,
 Which the serpent did begin,
 Trav'ling in regeneration
 Having pow'r to cease from sin;
 Dead unto a carnal nature,
 From that tyrant ever free,
 Singing praise to our Creator,
 For this blessed jubilee.

3. Sav'd from passions, too infer'or
 To command the human soul;
 Led by motives most superior,
 Faith assumes entire control:
 Joined in the new creation,
 Living souls in union run,
 Till they find a just relation
 To the First-born two in one,

4. But this prize cannot be gained
 Neither is salvation found,
 Till the man of sin is cained,
 And the old deceiver bound.
 All mankind he has deceived,
 And still binds them one and all,
 Save a few who have believed,
 And obey'd the gospel call.

5. By a life of self-denial,
 True obedience and the cross,
 We may pass the fiery trial,
 Which does separate the dross.

If we bear our crosses boldly,
 Watch and ev'ry evil shun,
 We shall find a body holy,
 And the tempter overcome

6. We will run our race with gladness;
 For we mean to gain the prize
 In our faith there is no sadness,
 Sadness does from sin arise:
 Joyfulness becomes our duty;
 Cheerfully we will obey;
 Lovely souls do shine with beauty,
 In this resurrection day.

7. Lo! the man of sin is dying,
 While we cheerfully obey;
 In his groans we hear him crying,
 Let me live yet one more day,
 But, says ev'ry true Believer,
 "All your pleading is in vain,
 You have been an old deceiver,
 Now you shall no longer reign."

8. By a pois'nings fleshly nature,
 This dark world has long been led;
 There can be no passion greater,
 This must be the serpent's head:
 On our coast he would be cruising,
 If by truth he were not bound:
 But his head has had a bruising,
 And he's got a deadly wound.

9. And his wounds cannot be healed,
 Light and truth do now forbid,
 Since the gospel has revealed
 Where his filthy head was hid:
 With a figleaf it was cover'd,
 Till we brought his deeds to light;
 By his works he is discover'd
 And his head is plain in sight.

What a monster's here disclosed?
 Was there ever such a sight?
 When his works are all exposed,
 And brought fairly to the light
 The old serpent now is squirming,
 Here's no place for him to hide,
 Living truth is still kept burning,
 And he cannot here abide.

11. What can souls enjoy that's greater
 Christ is in his body here,
 Purging out a carnal nature,
 Bringing in the Jubile year;
 We may all enjoy the blessing,
 Which this happy year brings in
 If we keep in our possession,
 Pow'r and vict'ry over sin.

12. ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

Hail the promis'd jubile year!
 Blessed Parents while we view you,
 O! what glory does appear!
 Alle-luia! joyful matter!
 Hail the great Parental Two,
 Who have sent their Son and Daughter,
 To create all things anew.

HYNN VIII.

Gospel Invitation.

Come ye souls that want salvation,
 Now's the last and final call,
 Christ the Savior now is ready
 To receive you one and all;
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to his judgment hall.

2. Come, your blackest crimes confessing,
 And be saved from your loss,
 Learn the young disciple's lesson,
 Part with all as dung and dross;

INVITATION

All the faithful, all the faithful
Bid you welcome to the cross.

3. Will you stand the fiery trial,
And the gospel call obey?
Take the road of self-denial,
Live to God both night and day:
Come and welcome, come and welcome
To this new and living way.

4. When the thorny way grows rougher,
Then we know that all is well;
What old Adam has to suffer,
Men nor angels cannot tell;
But he's welcome, but he's welcome,
Welcome to the pains of hell.

5. Faithful souls, keep on your travel,
Struggle through th'enchanted ground,
Fight the world, the flesh and devil,
Soon you'll hear the joyful sound,
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to th'unfading crown.

HYMN IX. *The Birth of Christ.* E. W.

O The blessed revelation!
Which the birth of Christ contains
Here begins the new creation,
Where the God of glory reigns;
Never could the joys of heaven
In the souls of men abide,
Till our Savior had arriven,
To debase their haughty pride.

2. While deluded souls aspire
After something great and high,
Looking out for their Messiah
To come thund'ring through the sky,
Far beneath their carnal senses,
Lo the hosts of heaven bend,
To behold the Prince of princes,
Meaner than the sons of men.

3. By his spirit we are able,
 The mysterious cause to trace
 Why his birth-place was a stable,
 Why he chose so mean a place:
 Born in our inferior nature,
 As his flesh was humbled down
 By so much was he the greater,
 In true glory and renown.

4. Ground your arms ye bloody Neros
 Let your vain ambition cease,
 Jesus Christ, the chief of heroes,
 Liv'd a life of perfect peace:
 All the pomp of Alexander,
 With his thousands on parade,
 Sinks before our good commander,
 Working at his honest trade.

5. While we follow his example,
 Nail the flesh up to the cross
 On its glories we can trample,
 Count them all but dung and dross;
 Here we learn who is the greatest,
 Who obtains the brightest palm;
 He it is who walks the straitest,
 In the footsteps of the Lamb.

6. Once again hath Christ descended
 To be born upon the earth;
 Once again the world's offended
 At the meanness of his birth;
 Let them vent their rage and fury,
 Still the gospel will increase,
 And our souls shall ever glory
 In the God of love and peace. U. V.

HYMN X. *Babylon's Fall.*

Hail the day so long expected!
 Hail the year of full release!
 Her walls are now erected,
 Her watchmen publish peace

From the distant coasts of Minar,
 The shrill trumpets loudly roar,
 Babylon is falling! is falling! is falling!
 Babylon is falling to rise no more.

All her merchants cry with wonder,
 "What is this that's come to pass?"
 Murm'ring like the distant thunder,
 Crying out *Alas! Alas!*
 Swell the sound ye kings and robes,
 Priests and people, rich and poor,
 Babylon is falling, &c.

3. Lo, the captives are returning!
 To Zion now they fly,
 While the smoke of Babel's burning
 Falls across the darkened sky!
 Days of mourning now are ended,
 Years of bondage now are o'er
 Babylon is falling &c.

4. Tune your harps, ye heavenly choir!
 Sing out, ye followers of the Lamb!
 See the city all on fire!
 Clap your hands and blow the flame,
 Now's your day of compensation
 On the scarlet-colored whore;
 Babylon is falling, &c.

HYMN XI. *The Morning Star.**

THE dawning day diffus'd her light,
 The morning star arose,
 To etoid the antichristian night
 Was drawing to a close:
 That happy day which God ordain'd,
 When Christ should come again,
 When antichrist should cease to reign,
 And souls be sav'd from sin..

2. God sent his holy Spirit down
 The sons of men to view,

To see if any could be found,
 His mighty work to do;
 To see if any faithful one
 Was waiting night and day.
 To whom he might reveal the Son,
 That many might obey.

3. But truly there was not a man
 On earth that he could find,
 To execute the glorious plan,
 Jehovah had design'd;
 To search the earth from end to end,
 And blow the solemn blast,
 To make their haughty spirits bend,
 And own the truth at last.

4. No mighty warrior, no not one,
 No man of high renown,
 Who could the man of sin dethrone,
 Or rend his kingdom down:
 But lo! a woman God did chuse,
 A female was the one,
 That first proclaim'd the joyful news,
 And made his purpose known.

5. She saw the loss mankind were in,
 By nature how deprav'd:
 She show'd the root and seat of sin,
 And how we must be sav'd:
 And in the pow'r and gift of God,
 She taught the living way,
 The self-denying path she trod,
 And many did obey.

6. Her soul contain'd' the living *Word*,
 From ev'ry lust refin'd;
 'Twas like a sharp two-edged sword,
 Against the carnal mind.
 A full redemption from the fall,
 Her children do possess;† [† finally]
 And by this name she shall be call'd,

† LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

O Thou persecuting **Babel!**
O, what millions thou hast slain!
 Since the blood of righteous **Abel**
 Stain'd the hands of wicked **Cain**;
 Now thy crimes are all uncover'd,
 To be judg'd in righteousness,
 And the souls of all that suffer'd,
 Shall receive a full redress.

2. In white robes behold them rising!
 Round the altar they convene,
 Each employ'd in sacrificing
 Every thing that is unclean.
 Justice now can be appeas'd
 Souls obtain their full desire,
 When the man of sin is seized,
 And committed to the fire.

3. God of patience, and forbearance!
 Long thy vengeance has delay'd;
 Sinners now, at thy appearance,
 Are confounded and dismay'd:
 Down to hell all sin is doomed,
 Righteousness to heav'n ascends;
 Now that wicked is consumed;
 Here the gospel myst'ry ends.

4. Now the **Lamb** unseals the writing,
 Proclamation now is made;
 "All who are for war and fighting,
 On the field of truth parade;
 Draw the sword of gospel metal,
 Your own carnal nature slay;
 There shall be no other battle,
 In this great decisive day."

5. Every soul that God created,
 For its liberty must fight,
 From the flesh be separated,
 Or remain in endless night.

Now the world can be reminded,
How their heavens should pass away,
When they are more deeply blinded,
By this bright and glorious day,

6. Now behold the great and noble,
Rich and and mighty, bond and free:
Lashing thro' their scenes of trouble,
Like the billows of the sea!
All come out upon a level;
wretched slaves and royal kin
All must own they're of the devil,
While they live in any sin.

7. Rocks and mountains cannot cover,
Nor conceal the wretched crew;
Naked they must stand forever,
And be seen in all they do.
Who are they that stand unshaken,
When all ranks of sinners fall?
They who have in truth forsaken
Every evil great and small.

HYMN XIII. *Gospel Union.*

O Union, what a blessed sound!
It makes our spirits leap,
Because we have this treasure found,
And will forever keep.
Its blessed pow'r does give us strength
To walk the happy road,
And safely lands our souls at length,
In union with our God.

2. Does heaven give a richer grace
To mortals here on earth,
Than union, which will still increase
True love and gospel mirth?
All carnal pleasures sink and fall,
Where gospel union shines.
And never more shall rise at all,
In lovely gospel minds.

3. Come let us labor to increase
 This pearl of greatest price,
 Which strengthens every other grace.
 And makes us truly wise.
 Now wisdom may her power display:
 And guide our souls along,
 But union's what we all must say,
 Does surely make us strong.

4. Heaven itself is founded on
 The strength of union's power;
 Then let us boldly travel on,
 In union every hour
 Eternal wisdom laid the plan,
 To save the fallen race,
 By two that now in union stand,
 Dispensing heav'nly grace.

5. The whole creation now may try
 To boast of greater bliss;
 But we do know there is no joy
 That ever equal'd this:
 For peace and union rival all,
 That ever yet was giv'n
 To any creature since fall,
 For they complete our heaven.

HYMN XIV. *The Pretty lesson.* A. B.
 COME, come, every good Believer come!
 Here is a pretty little lesson to learn:
 O, what a pretty little lesson it is !
 O what a pretty little lesson it is !
 To learn to be low, to learn to be meek,
 To learn to be wise, & learn how to speak,
 O what a pretty little lesson it is !
 O what a pretty little lesson it is !

[The tongue, that most unruly power
 Requires a strong restraint;
 We must be watchful every hour,
 And pray, but never faint.—Watts]

IF we should examine the universe round,
 In search of the place where redemption is found,
 In all the vast regions, below and above,
 It cannot be found but in Union and Love.

2. The kingdom of heaven is far out of sight,
 Until with each other we learn to unite;
 And when into union our spirits do run,
 We find that our heaven on earth is begun.

3. The gifts of the gospel are simple and free,
 In which it is easy for souls to agree,
 And none are excluded from sharing the prize,
 Unless in themselves they're too mighty and wise

When old selfish nature begins to awake,
 It stands for its honor as stiff as a stake;
 And some by this nature are so overseen,
 To think that the gifts are too simple and mean.

5. When some little gift they're invited to share,
 "Pray have me excus'd" is their libertine prayer;
 Excused from union! Is that what you say?
 For death and destruction, O why will you pray.

6. Excus'd from uniting and moving along,
 In that which you know is not evil or wrong;
 As well might a member advance some excuse,
 To hang to the body all shackling and loose.

7. It must be the flesh that excuses will plead,
 To keep out of union with those in the lead;
 Although every speck of disunion they gain,
 They know is productive of mis'ry and pain.

8. The path of old nature, tho' pleasant and broad,
 We have to forsake if we travel to God.
 And sure as the way of salvation is one,
 We must deny self, and in union go on.

9. I wish that the flesh had its finishing blow,
 Then we should be little and simple and low,
 Uniting with all that our Elders approve,
 And find a true heaven in Union and Love.

*Whoever is born of God, doth not commit sin;—John.
How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?*

THE old antichristians this method have found,
In sin to continue, that grace may abound;
No action too wicked, no conduct too base,
It only makes room for more pardoning grace:
But God has begun to correct this mistake,
And now we are called all sin to forsake;
Now heaven is open'd, and we're pressing in,
And how can we live any longer in sin?

2. Christ is not divided; his body is one,
The head can't be still, and the members go on;
If death to all sin has begun in the head,
The members must by the same spirit be led.
Come take up your cross, is the Savior's decree:
Forsake all your sins, if you would follow me
To live like the Savior we humbly begin,
And how can we live any longer in sin? . .

3. The world are confounded, and all at a loss^d
To know against what they must take up their cross;
They fly to the Scriptures the case to decide,
And under some sinner they labor to hide:
Good Noah got drunk, and was this not a sin?
And to a young harlot old Judah went in;
Uriah the Hittite by David was slain,
And who can determine from what to refrain?

4. The few honest souls who the gospel embrace,
Have something within to determine the case,
The indwelling Spirit that forms them anew,
Brings all the dark works of the devil to view.
The lust of the flesh is the first that is seen,
That law in the members how base and unclean!
'Tis here we discover the root of all sin,
And how can we live any longer therein.

5. The lust of the eye is the next that appears;
The image of satan, his father, he bears;

In God's chosen temple he fixes his throne,
 And fondly would call the creation his own.
 The body of sin is completed in pride;
 But now the old serpent no longer can hide;
 He's fully reveal'd, and his torments begin,
 And how can we live any longer in sin?

6. The lust of the flesh is now brought to the light,
 And all his dark works that are done in the night,
 Nor can he be sav'd by his crocodile prayer,
 His body must go the fowls of the air.
 The sumptuous glutton is struck with surprise,
 His treasures are gone from the lust of his eyes;
 His robes and his diet are not worth a pin,
 And how can we take satisfaction therein.

7. The son of perdition, now strip'd of his guise,
 Finds all his high titles were falsehood and lies;
 When all his dark doings are truly confess'd,
 His sanctifi'd nature will not stand the test.
 Can pure self-denial and meekness abide
 With lust and ambition, vain-glory and pride?
 To all that pertains to the old serpent's head,
 The body of Christ is eternally dead.

8. The members of Christ and the lovers of sin
 Will each show the spirit to which they're akin;
 The saints will be gather'd, their camp is but one,
 Then let the old covering spirit come on:
 The glory of Zion comes out in a blaze,
 And Gog and his army are struck with amaze;
 At length undeceived they're turn'd into hell,
 And with such a rabble pray how could we dwell?

HYMN XVII. *The Military Contrast.*

THE army of Christ has begun to parade,
 His kingdom is come, the foundation is laid
 His standard is reared, his banner's unfurl'd,
 But his blessed kingdom is not of this world.

I've listed for Christ, I have taken the oath,
 If Cæsar should call me, I cannot serve both.
 I'll follow my captain, his call is divine;
 If Cæsar's offended I'll pay him his fine.

2. All bloodshed and carnage my soul does abhor,
 And how can I learn the devices of war;
 My captain forbids all ambition and spite,
 And how can a Christian be learing to fight.
 The war is all over, salvation is come,
 If Cæsar were wise he would lay by his drum:
 I hate the death-sound of his whistling fife,
 Since Christ has appear'd to administer life.

There is but one enemy, I have to kill,
 That old wicked rebel whose name is Self-will;
 This root of all evil shall get the death-blow,
 And truly I'm bound to fight no other foe;
 We'll stick to the battle, and never retreat,
 Until we have trodden him under our feet;
 The war is commenced, and now we proceed,
 To mortify self, and to follow our lead.

HYMN XVIII. *Industry & Economy.*

WHAT a day I have found, to secure my final crop,
 And to lay up a treasure where thieves cannot come!
 With my hands I'm at work, & I never mean to stop,
 Till my harvest is safely secured at home.

I have a precious soul that must live forevermore,
 And the earth never yielded sufficient for its fill;
 So in time I will provide it an everlasting store,
 And I'll hide it in heaven, yea, that's what I will.

2. I will work for my life, what my busy hands can do,
 And I'll suffer no messenger of sloth in my breast;
 Since the harvest is great, and the laborers are few,

What my hands find to do, I must do it in haste.
 No matter what I do, if I don't do any harm,
 But in conscience I labor on for my Father's God.

In the kitchen or the barn, in the shop or on the farm
I'll be hunting employment, at home and abroad.

3. I'm at work for myself, tho my brethren have a share
In the fruit of my labor, in all earthly stuff;

This was made to consume, and how little do I care,
Since the price of my labor remains safe enough.

No one can eat or wear it, forever it is mine,

It is laid up in heaven, eternally, for me;

And the more I do increase it, the brighter I shall shine,

For the Lord will reward me just as my works shall be.

4. What I'm taught by my Elders, in conscience I re-

And to walk in their counsel is life to my soul, [gard,

And I never could say that this precious way was hard,

Tho temptation like billows around me should roll.

For this is my salvation to keep the flesh in pain,

For with it & the cross there's an everlasting strife;

So what it has to suffer, I reckon for my gain,

And I long for the end of its miserable life.

5. My good faith to retain, I'll be simple, meek & low,

And the order I'm plac'd in, I'll keep day and night:

When it's time to assemble, to meeting I will go,

To be kind and obliging is all my delight.

I'll be prudent of my time, & I'll have no crooked ways

I will save ev'ry fragment of raiment and of food;

So like my blessed master, I'll finish out my days,

Who himself, on the earth, went about doing good.

6. Now what think ye of this? O ye haughty crooked

Is this a religion that pleases your taste? [brood!

Do you think it too much, to be always doing good,

And to leave you no time or no substance to waste

You had rather spend your time in devising out a plan

For the innocent Savior to suffer in your place;

And when you have contriv'd it believe if you can,

And I'll have more salvation than all your blinded race.

—“If any would not work, neither should they eat.” Paul.

HYMN XIX. *Industry.*

33

ALL nature calls for busy hands,
For this is heav'n's decre;
The beast, the bird, the insect stands
A monitor to me;
The little busy artful bee
Works ev'ry shining hour;
And her industry I can see,
In ev'ry opening flower.

2. The little ant no time delays,
But will provide her store.
Go sluggard, view her busy ways,
And waste your time no more.
Of all the beasts, and fowls that fly,
And reptiles of the worst,
An idle soul, in wisdom's eye,
Is most of all accurs'd

3. For there's the den, where devils dwell,
They plan their mischief there,
And while they drone along to hell,
They other souls insnare;
But mark the pure, indusrious hands,
Who ask for no reward,
They study no mischievous plans,
But work to serve the Lord,

With such industr'ous faithful souls,
I'll join with heart and hand:
'Tis these that have an hundred fold,
And share the promis'd land.
This is industry crown'd with fruit,
Which God required at first,
For want of this, in branch and root,
The whole creation's curs'd.

5. But I for one feel all inclin'd
To work for one and all;
And when I lose this lib'ral mind,
I shall no, work at all:

INDUSTRY

For if the needy do not share
In all my works abroad,
I'll settle down in black despair,
And own I'm not of God.

- 1. But while my hands and heart agree,
There's neither fear nor fraud;
This brings assurance home to me
I've done it unto God.
O! sweet industry crown my days,
That when I've done with time,
My works may follow me with praise,
To bus'ness more sublime.

HYMN XX. *A Sinless life.*

To be in my duty, by night and by day,
And feel satisfied therein,
I find is a sure and infallible way
To keep out of all actual sin.
For while I am faithful to do what is right,
And have not a moment to spare,
I'm guarded around by the angels of light,
And satan can never come there.

2. O what a great privilege I do enjoy!
Good Elders to teach what is just,
And always a plenty of righteous employ,
Sufficient to mortify lust:
So, how to find heaven I'm not at a loss,
Nor how I'm to keep out of hell;
If I be obedient, and bear a full cross,
No danger but I shall fare well.

The custom of hiring men to work, has almost established the idea, that it is fraudulent not to pay a certain sum for his labor, let his contract be what it may, or that he is poor & helpless.

"It is absolutely impossible (says Dr. Ewell) to err in health where the preparation is not duly carried on. This can never be the case, where exercise is neglected. Such is the constitution of man, that labor may be its own reward; no, will any external excitement be a

HYMN XXII. Confession & Remission of sins. 33

- The law that came by Moses was holy just and good
On polish'd stones engrav'd, the sacred letter stood
And when a soul transgressed a statute so engrav'd
In order he confessed, but could not yet be sav'd.
2. And next a shining temple, by Solomon was built
And ev'ry vile offender, might there expose his guilt
The blood of beasts was spilled, the altar it was stain'd,
And yet by these confessions, salvation was not gain'd.
- The time at length arriv'd—salvation work began,
When God was manifested, in the true *Son of man*;
Then heavy laden sinners, who had so long transgress'd
To God, before a witness, their various sins confess'd
4. The gospel of salvation was preach'd in that day,
And all who would obey it, could keep the narrow way,
And slay a beastly nature, and honestly begin
To follow Christ's example, and travel out of sin.
5. This work became supplanted—the testimony ceas'd
And in its stead, for certain, there did rise up a beast:
When miserable sinners fix'd up a learned priest,
To ape the blessed Jesus, (not like him in the least.)
6. Now to this priest, the sinner tells all his wicked deeds
Which he, in vain has number'd, upon a string of beads;
And then for absolution, must give a little pelf,
To his poor fellow sinner, as wicked as himself.
7. The Protestant Reformers assum'd another plan—
They want no intercessor—They'll not confess to man.
The sinner, now bewilder'd, completely lost and blind
Still thinks to find forgiveness, confessing in his mind.
8. The order of confession in the first gospel day,
The faithful soul released, as sacred writers say;
Convicted by the gospel, God's presence he did own,
And all his sins, in order, confess'd one by one.
- side, if it be considered. How much happiness is gain'd
and how much misery escaped, by frequent and vigorous
agitation of the body. Love labor, (call'd a physio-
If you do not want it for food, you may for physic.
Keep the soul in constant health, but without ceasing to
trust for mercy." 1-108.

C. He did not seek a forest, or go behind a stump,
Or like a whole sale merchant, do business in the land
But went to the good elder, and bro't his deeds to light
This, holy men have stated, as plain as they could write

10. Confessing you're a sinner, is not the thing at all
Since ev'ry being knows it, that knows of Adam's fall
For such a sham confession, brings nothing to the light
And still his wrongs are cover'd, that he has got to right

11. But now the 2nd advent, the *Son of man* has made
And those who want salvation, need never be afraid
To come into the judgment, upon the gospel plan,
For God can truly hear them, as he is now in man.

12. In antichrist's dominions, sin will forever reign,
While sinners can be pardon'd, and sinners still remain
But those who come to Zion, must settle up the score
And honestly confessing, they must do so no more.

HYMN XXII. *Gospel Experience.* I. B.

O ZION, thou city where God is reveal'd!
Thou treasure of goodness, from devils conceal'd
Thou art that bright city, by Babel abhor'd,
The household of David,—belov'd of the Lord.

2. Long time in great anguish, I wander'd abroad,
In search of Mount-Zion the city of God;
At length as I wander'd, I came to the door,
My soul cri'd this is it! I'll wander no more.

3. I asked the porter, if I might come in;
He answer'd you cannot, you're laden with sin.
Your soul is quite welcome, but you never can,
For all this whole city abhors your old man.

4. My sins I confess'd, and with pain I began
The God-pleasing work, to put off the old man,
My soul soon found union with those at the door,
And lay at the threshold and labor'd for more.

5. At length I'm admitted to enter the court,
And feel, in my measure, what prophets report;
And while this hot furnace is burning my dress,
I've peace and salvation, in bearing my cross.

6. When sent with the gospel, to labor abroad,
I go in the gift and protection of God;
And souls, by receiving the word I live in,
Soon find their salvation and freedom from sin.
7. And when I've traversed those regions of death,
For strength, I return to the household of faith:
My Father is righteous, my Mother is kind,
My brethren and sisters all in the same mind.
8. No strife, nor contention I ever have found—
No lust, nor uncleanness, on this happy ground:
The house is adorned with meekness and grace—
Sweet innocence glowing in every face.
9. O thou blessed city, my all is in thee!—
I'll bear persecution, if that is for me
And tho' this old body to ruin be hurl'd,
My life is hid in thee, I'm dead to the world.
10. While nations and kingdoms each other do waste,
Sectarians disputing whose system is best,
Each party contending, whose creed they shall keep—
Here stands this pure city, built on her own heap.
11. Now you that are called in this blessed day,
Your faith came by hearing 'tis life to obey,—
If you keep your union, as I have kept mine,
Your life, in Mount Zion, forever shall shine.

HYMN XXIII. *Invitation.*

COME brethren and sisters who stand in your lot?
And mean to be faithful and true,
As you can bear witness to, what we've been taught,
I'll honestly tell how I do.—
The whole of my time to the gospel I give,
And bound by my promise add vow,
In pointed obedience I've set out to live,
As perfectly as I know how.

3. I work thirteen hours, in each twenty-four,
 Or more if necessity call;
 In point of distinction, I want nothing more
 Than just to be servant of all:
 I peaceably work at whatever I'm set,
 From no other motive but love,
 To honor the gospel and keep out of debt,
 And lay up a treasure above.

I eat for refreshment, my strength to repair,—
 Not merely to gratify taste;
 Whatever's provided, I thankfully share,
 And nothing that's good do I waste;
 I still realize that my Elders are nigh,
 Their modest example I view,
 By which I am furnish'd with power from on high,
 The beastly old man to subdue.

4. At half after seven, from work I retire,
 And noise and confusion I shun.
 And just before meeting I settle the fire,
 To see that no mischief be done:
 I go into meeting to find some increase,
 And never withdraw till it clos,
 And when we're dismiss'd I retire in peace,
 Prepar'd for a pleasant repose.
 I sleep seven hours, with little recess,
 And O how refreshing they seem:
 At four in the morning, I get up and dress,
 Regardless of vision or dream.
 When meeting is over I chuse to give way,
 And be at my work very soon,
 And more than one half that's laid out for the day
 Must always be done before noon.

6. I keep in the circle assigned to me,
 With which I am fully content,
 And nothing beyond it I'm anxious to see,
 Unless in a gift I am sent.

All kinds of company, I am among,
 My words I do carefully weigh,
 And rather than speak with an unbridled tongue,
 I chuse to have nothing to say.

By temperance, prudence, industry and care,
 My faith is to lay up in store
 A good gospel treasure, enough and to spare,
 To give to the needy and poor.
 That this is the gospel I have not a doubt,
 Nor am I a tittle afraid,
 But in true obedience my strength will hold out,
 Until the foundation shall be laid.

Now this is the manner I fill up my time,
 A manner that few will applaud,
 Yet I do not see that it is any crime,
 To call it the service of God;
 Many have found a more excellent way
 They're welcome to travel therein,
 But from sweet experience, I truly can say,
 My soul is deliver'd from sin.

HYMN XXI. *A Hiding-place.*

What peace and consolation
 I do feel, in doing right;
 Heav'nly comforts and salvation
 Come by walking in the light.
 I can sing and shout in spirit,
 While I keep my conscience clean;
 Heav'nly blessings I inherit—
 I will keep my soul from sin.

2. I'll be simple, I'll be lowly,
 In it flows such heav'nly mirth;
 To be humble, to be holy,
 Is the prettiest thing on earth.
 I will arise and break my bands,
 And leave old death behind me;
 I'll in the truth forever stand,
 Where devils cannot find me.

THE King of kings, and Lord of hosts
 Has blown his trumpet, in our coasts
 And round his standard now appears
 A valient band of volunteers:
 Their loins are girt, their feet are shod
 With the unerring truth of God,
 And by the truth they now begin
 To overthrow the Man of sin.*

2. Against the foe they now advance,
 Each with his bow and glit'ring lance
 And tho' they're friends to allmankind,
 They're cruel to the carnal mind.
 They spare no idol, great, nor small,
 But pass one sentence on thm all,
 And cut and slash on ev'ry hand,
 To purge all evil from the land..

3. They're well equipt with gospel arms,
 And make no peace on any terms;
 Nor with the flesh will stand to treat.
 But strike at ev'ry lust they meet:
 They will admit no vain excuse,
 To let one vile affection loose,
 But bind the captive fast in chains,
 While one flesh-pleasing tie remains.

4. Now ev'ry soul that would do right,
 Is welcome to enlist and fight;
 These weapons of victorious truth,
 Are for the aged and the youth;
 No soul of man, does God exclude
 From hating sin and doing good;
 And in such souls, we do maintain,
 The God of truth will ever reign.

* **MAN OF SIN**—is a figurative term, signifying
 the last species, and most powerful of all sins;
 See Testimony, p. 20.

The birth-day of Jesus, O how it doth please us!
How thankful we are, it was left on record!
That we may with pleasure review the great treasure
Bequeathed to mortals, by their blessed Lord:
His righteous behavior declar'd him the Savior,
Which prophets predicted for ages before;
Tho Jewish tradition revil'd his commission,
A few honest fishers his life did adore.

2. His life of probation first open'd salvation,
For all who were willing to follow him strait;
So by his example, on sin they could trample,
With all their past life, which he taught them to hate:
This raised the fire of heav'nly desire,
To such a degree that it spread far and near,
Which shook the foundation of the old creation,
And struck the dark legions with panics of fear.

3. His life was soon ended, because he offended
That old wicked spirit, the Jews did obey;
For his worst oppressors were the old professors,
Who cried with loud voices—Do take him away!
By friends then forsaken, away he was taken,
To suffer all manner of torturing pain;
And however treated, he calmly submitted,
And came forth the Lamb, without blemish or stain.

4. Then home he ascended, by angels attended,
To get the bright crown he had faithfully won;
And then be preparing for his last appearing,
To finish the work which was only begun;
The time is expired, which millions desired,
And Christ upon earth has appeared again:
Tho once Elder Brother, he's now come in Mother,
And here in his glory forever will reign.

5. In this pure connection, we now find protection,
For Mother doth lead us the new living way,
Now see the afflicted, who long were convicted,
Rejoicing, by hundreds, in this latter day;

With music and dancing, behold them advancing
 Their mourning is turn'd into gladness. at last:
 With angels united, their souls are delighted,
 That antichrist's darkness forever is past.

HYMN XXVII. *Spiritual Marriage*

IF angels sung praises, when Jesus was born,
 And brought the glad tidings to men,
 In commemoration of that blessed morn,
 This day we will praise him again.

2. If God in bright angels approached so near,
 The shepherds, in the open field;
 What transcendant glory this day must appear,
 In thousands, in whom he's reveal'd.

3. If wise men and shepherds were led by a star,
 To find the young offspring of light;
 This day has exceeded that twilight so far,
 It guides us by day and by night,

4. If heaven show'd wonders, if planets did move,
 To witness the young Savior's birth;
 This day has brought double the tokens to prove
 His second appearance on earth.

5. If prophets predicted a Son should be giv'n,
 And he to a Father should rise*; (* Isa. ix, 6.)
 The prophets, the order of nature, and heav'n
 Declare there's a Mother likewise.

6. Who then can keep Christmas? Let reason decide;
 Sure, those who acknowledge the Son,
 And likewise confess both the bridegroom and bride,
 As Father and Mother in one. (See Zech. vi 13)

7. So while we're concluding our new Christmas song,
 We're confident this is the sum.
 That tho' the good Bridegroom did tarry so long,
 The day of his marriage is come.

8. While antichrist's millions are daubing the earth,
 With pompous orations and prayer,
 Let us, in good conscience and innocent mirth,
 The Lamb and his marriage declare. — L. B.

HAIL the memorable morn! [heav'n
When the voice came down from
"Unto us a child is born! .

Unto us a Son is giv'n
Now the sceptre he shall sway,
Reign on earth the Prince of peace,
And heav'n and earth may pass away,
But his pure kingdom shall increase.

2. Br. Where did this new birth take place;
Pray, was it among the Jews?

Was it from the fallen race
That the angels got the news?

S. Nay, he was God's only Son,
And his parents did declare—
That the time was fully come,
To introduce their royal heir.

3. B. Was the heirship then complete?
Or when did Christ his reign begin?

And without an helper meet,
Could he make an end of sin?

S. Half the Savior then was own'd,
This was all the world could bear;
Still the whole creation groan'd,
Waiting for the Second Heir.

4. B. True, for many hundred years,
All creation's been in pain

Pouring out their cries and tears—
"O that Christ would come again."

S. Well, from this we plainly see
That the whole were jointly bound,
And till the woman did get free,
Groaning was the common sound.

5. B. Well, can you confidently state
Who was God's peculiar one,

Whom he did predestinate
To bear the image of his Son.

S. Sure it could not be a man;—
None with Jesus could compare.

B. Was it your good Mother Ann?

S. Yea it was we do declare.

6. She has form'd that union band,
That we are no longer two;
On the level now we stand,
And are just as free as you,

B. Can you say, beyond a doubt,
That salvation you have found?

S. If salvation you will shout,
We shall echo back the sound.

7. B. Shall we shout, or shall we laugh?
Surely we may feel releas'd,
When our lovely other half
Is deliver'd from the beast.

S. You may laugh, or you may shake,
You may skip, or you may play;
We are sav'd, there's no mistake,
For it is the woman's day.

8. B & S. Then our voices we'll unite,
Celebrate the gospel plan,
Walking in the mutual light
Of Jesus Christ and Mother Ann.

Let the old creation groan,
While in satan's dark employ.
Mother's children God will own,—

They can shout with heav'nly joy. —E. W.

COME all who will, and drink your fill!

Come, Zion's sons and daughters;

Come young and old, with courage bold,

And taste the living waters.

This is the day, that God did say

Should, in the end, be given,

When he would make all things to shake,

In the old earth and heaven.

HYMN XXIX. *The last Sign.*

45

—*The Lord himself shall give you a SIGN; a virgin shall conceive and bear a son. Isa. 7.*

A BOUT eighteen cent'ries ago,
Upon this great festival morn,
The angelic trumpets did joyfully blow,
With news that Messiah was born.

2. In heavenly concert they cry—
“The old dispensation is done;
Behold we now bring you glad tidings of joy
The virgin has brought forth her son.”

3. To witness Immanuel's birth,
The heavenly host did descend, [earth,
And open'd their treasures of peace upon
With love and good will towards men.

4. A virgin was then heaven's choice,
The glory of God to display,
And virgins alone have a right to rejoice.
In the glory of this latter day.

5. The first of the true virgin seed
Came forth in an humble degree,
And, glory to God! we have now got a lead
As meek and as lowly as he.

6. Since now, in both female and male,
The work of redemption is one,
The good little daughter of Zion we hail,
As free as the good little son.

7. Then all who would truly obey,
And follow this good little lead,
May now calculate, on this festival day,
To be good little virgins indeed.

8. Then peace, love and union will flow,
And each, from his good little store,
Some good little present will freely bestow
To comfort the needy and poor. E. W.

ALL hail the last month in the year
 For this is the twenty-fifth day;
 This day did the Savior appear,
 As our ancient Fathers did say.
 What angelic music was heard,
 By shepherds encamp'd on the earth,
 While heavenly legions appear'd
 And sung the Redeemer's new-birth.

2. All hail the last day of the world,
 In this is the glory of all:
 Here's two dispensations unfurl'd,
 Which saves from the depth of the fall,
 If heaven sung glory to God,
 When Christ was reveal'd in the man,
 The earth may now publish abroad
 The gift in our good Mother Ann.

3. All glory to Wisdom on high,
 Who dwelt with the highest from first,
 Who piti'd the penitent cry
 Of souls in the bondage of lust,
 And sent her immaculate Son,
 The Father's bright glory to show,
 Intending that two should be one,
 She took him a bride from below.

4. Thus heaven is wedded to earth,
 And heaven and earth can record,
 That Mother, by her second birth,
 Was lawfully join'd to the Lord;
 Her children, without a demur,
 If they the full cross will endure,
 By keeping their union with her,
 Their heirship in heaven is sure,

5. Then what do I care for old clay?
 I'll skip, and I'll dance, and I'll sing:
 I'll honor this festival day,
 And make the whole neighborhood ring.

Hosanna to Father and Son;
 To Mother and Daughter the same;
 To God, who in union is one;—
 All glory to that mighty name.

6. Thanksgiving, and honor and pow'r,
 To God our Redeemer we bring.
 Devoted to this festive hour,
 We'll shout and we'll play, and we'll sing:
 Peace, Peace upon earth we'll proclaim,
 And peace with ourselves we'll maintain;
 Peace, peace is our officers' name—
 There's peace & there's good-will to men.

HYMN XXXI. *Christmas morning 1825.*

AS this is the morn, that the Savior was born—
 The day of his entrance on earth,
 Let us hail the bless'd day, and our thanks we'll repay
 By commemorating his birth;
 While a gainsaying band are corrupting the land,
 With hatred, contention and strife,
 Our voices we'll raise, in thanksgiving and praise,
 To the Prince and the Princess of life.

2. Christ Jesus we own as the chief corner stone
 In the beautiful building of God
 As he first broke the way, and the serpent did slay
 And mark'd out the heavenly road;
 But we must not neglect to adore and respect
 The one who this work did complete;
 Tho in Christ it began, yet our good Mother Ann
 Gave the serpent a final defeat.

3. So the vict'ry is won, in the Daughter and Son;
 Eternal redemption they've found,
 And a pattern they are, to all souls that would share
 In the glories with which they are crown'd.
 Then, as our precious lead was made perfect indeed
 Through scenes of deep suff'rings and pain,
 As their true gospel heir, let us suffer and bear,
 And with them we shall certainly reign. a. m.

Four thousand years had roll'd away,
 And all mankind in darkness lay,
 When God appear'd in human clay,
 To change the darkness into day,
 And took his seat—where oxen eat,
 His holy feet—could find no cleaner place.

2. The signs predicted many years,
 Soon reach'd the lonely shepherds' ears,
 When Gabriel with his host appears,
 And checks their doleful fleshly fears.
 I cannot said he—for you shall see,
 A child shall be—the Savior of your race.

3. Then what a heav'nly song they raise!
 While all the plains were in a blaze,
 To teach mankind what God to praise,
 And how to spend their coming days;
 To live in peace—good will increase,
 And never cease—to love the holy child.

4. To Bethlehem the shepherds steer,
 Confus'd with mingled joy and fear;
 When to the stable they drew near,
 There did the humble child appear,
 At Mary's side—adieu they cried
 To lust & pride—here's meekness undefil'd.

5. The news was spread, Messiah's come!
 Which truly was believ'd by some,
 But who will make the Savior room?
 This question strikes the sinner dumb.
 Let him stay there—while I prepare,
 I cannot bear his life, 'twill make me sad.

6. I love to read about his death;
 I love to sing about his birth;
 There's nothing on this spacious earth,
 That fills me with such joy and mirth;
 But O, to sup—that bitter cup,
 The flesh give up, it all but makes me mad.

V. Well here is Christmas at the door,
 Now cavil with the cross no more,
 If you the life of Christ adore,
 Come clothe the naked, feed the poor,
 And take the cup, & drink it up, [clean.
 And settle up, and make your conscienc●

8. Now Christmas day to me is bless'd
 Since I my hateful sins confss'd,
 And took my lot among the rest,
 And set my face to do my best,
 To slay that first, that plagu'd me worst,
 What we call lust, you all know what I mean.

HYMN XXXIII. Responsive. E. W.

WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test,
 To try both your faith & your scheme;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him:
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not,
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.—*Newton.*

2. B. Whatever proud bishops have tho't
 I'll answer as plain as I can,
 I think, just as I have been taught,
 That Jesus was truly a man,
 The noblest that God ever made,
 Since Adam's deplorable fall,
 Whose manhood was truly display'd
 A perfect example to all.

3. S. If you think he was nothing more,
 Your thoughts are quite diff'rent from mine,
 My thoughts to the heavens do soar,
 And view him a person Divine.

B. Well, that may be all very true,
 But suffer me now to relate
 The changes that he passed through,
 Before he attain'd to that state.

4. Altho his conception and birth
 Were under high heaven's control,
 His body was form'd of the earth
 Possessing a real human soul:
 Like all other children and youth,
 His parents he had to obey,—
 To learn the first lessons of truth,
 And walk in the strait narrow way.

5. I think he took up a full cross
 Against the whole nature of sin,
 And patiently suffer'd the loss
 Of all that the world glory in:
 The path of pure virtue he trod,
 Which brighter and brighter did shine,
 Till, fill'd with the fulness of God,
 He came forth a person Divine.

6. I think, when he open'd the way
 That leads to the mansions of light,
 He put off his body of clay,
 And vanish'd from all human sight:
 So, taking the path that he took,
 (If I may be candid and free)
 For no other Savior I look,
 But Christ manifested in me.

7. I do not look up to the sky
 For some one to save me from sin;
 The *Word of salvation* is nigh—
 The kingdom of heaven's within.
 If Christ as the *Logos* or *Word*,
 In ev'ry Believer doth reign,
 How fruitless, how vain and absurd!!
 To think of his coming again. [†*Jesu's*]

SECOND PART

Well, Christ manifested in man,
 We grant is correctly explain'd,
 But what about good Mother Ann?
 And what has the womanhood gain'?

H Christ, in his second display,
 Includes both the Bridegroom and Bride,
 What think ye of Mother? we say,
 The fate of all souls will decide.

2. B. Ah! that is an intricate point—
 It touches a delicate cord:—
 That God should a woman anoint,
 To stand in her lot with the Lord!!
 But since it has so turned out,
 And Mother has taken her stand,
 The woman is now, without doubt,
 Completely collat'ral with man.

3. Amen. Even so let it be.
 There can be no room to dispute;
 As branches of one living tree,
 We're now to be known by our fruit:
 While each in our order and lot,
 The gospel we simply obey,
 In deed, and in word, and in thought,
 The Savior we truly display.

HXMNXXXIV. *New-year's thoughts,*
 O blessed gospel, heav'nly sound!
 In thee celestial joys abound;
 I'm thankful for thy precious call,
 For thee I freely give up all.
 I often have set out anew,
 To take my cross and travel through;
 More zealously to watch and pray,
 And keep the strait and narrow way.

2. And shall I yield the conquest now,
 And to the tyrant's sceptre bow?
 Shall I resign the precious prize?
 Nay, I shall not be so unwise.
 With courage new I now begin,
 To fight the enemy within;
 Nor will I ever cease the strife,
 Till I have gain'd eternal life.

3. It surely is within my pow'r
 To keep from sinning, one whole ho u r
 No better one than twenty-four,
 And just as well two days or more.
 And if I'm good three days or four
 Why not as well a hundred more?
 And if so long I wisely steer,
 Why not be good throughout the year!

4. I know I can be truly good
 And nothing can my right exclude.
 I know I can be perfect* too,
 In all I think and say and do;
 By a continual careful mind,
 Which, like a watchman ever kind,
 Will fill my soul with godly fear,
 And teach me when there's danger near,

5. Ye sacred pow'rs of faith and hope,
 O keep my zeal and courage up;
 Let me in true perfection shine,
 With living saints, in joys divine.
 O thou pure love, come fill my soul,
 And all my goings forth control:
 Be thou my guide in ev'ry case,
 And clothe my spirit with thy grace,

6. Thou sweet humiliation, be
 A constant dwelling-place for me:
 Let me not walk in haughtiness,
 But lead me on in righteousness.
 Yea, let all godly virtues bloom,
 And bring forth fruit with sweet perfume:
 Let heav'nly things my sense invite
 From carnal joys and vain delight.

* PERFECT—complete, pure, blameless.

And ye are complete in him,—Col. 2, 10-

Blessed are the pure in heart,—Mat. 5, 8.

Be ye perfect, Watervliet O. 1832.

COME let us all be of good cheer !
 We've liv'd to see another year—
 We have been safely carried through
 The tedious year of 'thirty-two.
 Whatever may have cross'd our path,
 There's nothing yet that's shook our faith,
 But from the early date of 'five,
 That precious faith is kept alive,

2. 'Twas then the precious seed was sown,
 And tho some fell among the stone,
 And perish'd e'er it did bring forth,
 Because it had no depth of earth;
 But that which fell on the good ground
 Had depth of earth well rooted down,
 And now brings forth a rich increase
 Of everlasting joy and peace.

3. 'Tis well for all to view the land,—
 The kind of ground on which they stand—
 Compare the life they now do live
 With that good faith, they did receive;
 Lest when the joyful reapers meet,
 To gather in the precious wheat,
 A sound inspection they'll not bear,
 But some be found a noxious tare.

4. The flesh and spirit are not mixt,
 There is a flaming sword betwixt;
 When once this pierces thro' the joint,
 It then brings matters to a point.
 All inward malice and deceit
 The fatal blow has now to meet:
 'Tis here the soul its right assumes,
 And into perfect freedom comes.

5. A house built up of living stones,
 Is that which God accepts and owns—
 A living temple pure and clean,
 That will not harbor any sin.

Tho some may think it very well
 The grosser evils to expel,
 While still a species more refin'd
 They suffer to corrupt the mind.

6. now if we're come to 'thirty-three,
 And are not yet entirely free,
 Let us renew the cause once more,
 And gain it, sure, in 'thirty-four.
 Each lab'ring in their proper gift
 The travel surely will be swift;
 Thus we will pave our way with ease,
 And take our burdens like a breeze.

XXXVI. *Unity.*

HERE heavy laden souls repose,
 and find a Savior's blessing—
 Here consolation always flows,
 like heav'nly dews refreshing.
 Here we can walk in open day,
 since God has freely given
 A flaming sword to keep the way
 that leads to life and heaven.

2. No sin can ever enter there,
 nor sinners rear a steeple;
 'Tis kept by God's peculiar care,
 for his peculiar people.

One faith, one union and one Lord,
 one int'rest all combining—
 Believers all with one accord,
 in heav'nly concert joining.

3. Far as the gospel spirit reigns,
 our souls are in communion,
 From Alfred to South Union's plains,
 we feel our love and union.
 Here we may walk in peace and love,
 with God and saints uniting,
 While angels smiling from above,
 to glory are inviting.

XXXVII. *The New Purchase.* E. W.

DEAR friends in the gospel I wish you to know,
 That I have set out to be little and low;
 I want your good union, and if you'll agree,
 We'll all gather down and be simple and free.
 I've had many ups, and I've had many downs,
 And seen many fanciful cities and towns,
 But one precious spot has attracted my eye,
 In which I'm determin'd to live and to die.

2. I'm really surpris'd when I take a review
 Of some of the places that I have been through,
 Not only among the wild follies of youth,
 But even in quest of the city of Truth.
 A lot in this beautiful city to gain,
 The paths of religion I traced in vain;
 For truly I found them too beaten and broad,
 To think they would lead to the city of God.

3. Sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the wrong,
 Through hills and through hollows I moved along,
 Till I came in sight of this beautiful spot,
 On which I determin'd to purchase a lot.
 I've chosen my lot on the level of love,
 Where I shall feel neither below nor above,
 But hold such a union and joining to all,
 Together we'll rise or together we'll fall.

4. Now I have agreed as the price of this lot,
 To sacrifice ev'ry old thing I have got:
 My carnal affections, to lay them aside,
 And never give way to ambition or pride.
 With Elders or Deacons I'm not to contend,
 But take a reproof when it comes from a friend.
 And when I'm convinced that I have been wrong,
 Just turn to the right and keep moving along.

5. These solemn conditions I often review—
 And now I am willing my bonds to renew,
 To do conscientiously all I have said,
 Until the last farthing be honestly paid;

My time and my talents I freely bestow,
 And let ev'ry speck of self-interest go:
 And get much or little I'll give you my hand
 I'll clear you, forever, from debt or demand.

6. Now tell me dear friends, if I may be so bold
 Upon these conditions my title to hold;
 Or do you suppose that for any thing less,
 A lot in the gospel I ought to possess?
 You seem to look pleasant, and so I conclude
 That you think my principles wholesome and good:
 And if to support them we truly agree,
 We'll finish the song with a—So let it be.

XXXVIII. *In love.*

KIND brethren and sisters I love you most dear!
 My love is unfeigned, my heart is sincere:
 My treasure is with you, my joy and my life
 Depend on your union adieu to all strife.
 Lo! lo! I feel a relation to God's new creation, in love

2 With you I will suffer while here on the earth—
 With you I will triumph in heavenly mirth—
 A life that is carnal with you I'll lay down;
 With you to inherit an immortal crown.—Lo! lo!
 The heirs of salvation find sweet consolation in love.

3. From Father and Mother the fountain of love,
 The Spirit descends like a heavenly dove
 Upon their beloved whose souls have drawn nigh,
 To drink at the stream that will never run dry. Lo! lo!
 The stream is increasing and virgins are feasting in love

4. Let me be suppli'd from this life-giving stream,
 Which will ev'ry faithful cross-bearer redeem,
 Which yet like the sun in its brightness will be,
 Whose glory and beauty all nations will see Lo! lo!
 The standard is raised & God shall be praised, in love

5. The shining example of Jesus our Lord
 The power of his spirit, and two-edged sword,
 A heavenly weapon, a most holy guide,
 Do now in each purifi'd temple abide. Lo! lo!
 His favor and blessing our souls are possessing, in love.

HYMN XXXIX. (57) LOVE, PEACE & PURITY.

WHILE folly engages the millions abroad,
And nations delight in uproar;
In humiliation I'm thankful to God,
A place I have found on this shore;
Where peace, like a river the righteous enjoy,
And all the rich blessings of heav'n,
And none to disturb, while the time they employ,
In praise for the bounty that's giv'n.

2. What treasure surpasses the richness of love?
What glory like it can be found?
In all the profusion in heaven above,
No greater than it does abound.
Blest union, its offspring, the saints does unite,
In all their transactions and care;
In all the enjoyments where love does invite,
Pure union does always appear.

3. The bubbles of time, with their shining display,
No permanent good can bestow;
Their outward appearance may last for a day,
But vanish in haste like the snow:
No worldly enjoyment can yield the delight,
Which souls in the gospel enjoy;
The pleasure arising from walking upright,
No change in the scene can destroy.

4. Sweet purity reigns in the mansions of light,
With those who delight in the same,
Diffusing its blessings by day and by night,
On all the true children of fame:
Within these pure mansions I chuse to reside,
No other my soul can delight.
In love and in union O may I abide,
With children who always do right.

HYMN XL. ONENESS

HOW easy the cord that unites us in one!
How lovely this oneness of mind!
For one precious treasure thus jointly we run—
This unity Christ has enjoin'd.
Our heavenly parents possess but one throne—
One kingdom we strive to obtain—
One seed has been planted, and when fully grown,
'Twill be but one species of grain.

2. And as we may travel in true faithfulness,—
Partake of one bread that is pure,
Thro' much tribulation, we're call'd to progress.
According as we can endure.

This is a great blessing that God does bestow—
This deep tribulation we feel;
It leads to the valley that's humble and low,
Remote from a high-minded zeal.

3. For down in this valley the Savior is found;
Christ walks in this humble retreat;
Tho sorrows and suff'rings may often abound;
Here grows the true genuine wheat;
We find here the fountain, whose waters endure:
The soil is not barren nor dry; (pure
Here flows that repentance that makes the soul
Unseen and unknown by great I;

In humiliation is comfort and peace;
Unfelt by the great and the high;
A sweet consolation that finds an increase;
Because the true comforter's nigh;
Then let our sweet union increase and abound,
Let nothing our spirits divide;
But patiently travel quite thro' this low ground,
To reign with the Bridegroom and Bride.

HYMN XLI. THE MALIGNANT FEVER.

THOSE who will complain and murmur;
Will be fretful and unkind;
In a snarling peevish humor;
Show a soul distempered mind;
Can a Christ-like loving spirit
Dwell in such a sickly soul?
Can we peace and rest inherit.
Where tempestuous billows roll?

2 Where the gospel fruits are growing;
Gentle words our minds salute;
If fierce hurricanes are blowing;
They will scatter off the fruit:
A discordant disposition,
Is too grievous to endure;
Is there not some good physician;
Skill'd enough to find a cure;

3. The contagion is so catching;
 Some prescription I must find:
 Self-denial prayer and watching:
 Are defensive to the mind.
 Lord suppress this mortal fever;
 And the poison all dispel:
 Heaven guard each good believer.
 Never let them take a smell.

4. This is, satan's poison'd arrow,
 Which does most destructive prove;
 This will eat the very marrow.—
 This will chill the nerves of love.
 Never let this bad disorder
 Come within Mount-Zion's wall:
 Nay, nor even round her border—
 Heaven guard both great small.

HYMN XLII. DELUSIONS OF NATURE

THE artful delusion and guile
 of nature to us is made known:—
 It flatters the creature a while,
 and promises good not its own;
 When men would its pleasures secure,
 and rush into carnal delight,
 Its glories no longer endure,
 But leaves them in pitiful plight.

2. Before, like the lawns in the spring,
 a beautiful prospect is shown:
 It decorates every thing
 which can be display'd of its own.
 Its captive, still hoping for food
 still further and further proceeds.
 But finds nothing wholesome or good—
 its meadows are cover'd with weeds,

3. Let honest Believers be led
 by such base delusions no more,
 Nor taste the unhallowed bread,
 which children of nature adore:
 'Tis pregnant with deadly deceit,
 and such as make trial must, find
 Like poison, tho' it may be sweet.
 it weakens and sickens the mind.

4. How grossly deluded and blind
 are those who continue secure
 While nature's corrupting the mind,
 and making it wholly impure.
 Since heaven her glory displays,
 and opens the joys of the just,
 And cries to the soul, Come away,
 escape from the bondage of lust.

5. Ye children of nature how long
 before you resolve to be free?
 Altho the old man may be strong,
 yet there is a stronger than he.
 Is your mental eyesight so dim,
 that he may continue his fraud?
 Or will you not crucify him.
 as he did the good Son of God?

6. Awake to your int'rest and tell,
 if harmony, union and peace
 Surpass not the pleasures that dwell
 where strife and contention increase.
 O, hearken to Wisdom's kind voice,
 and her blessed counsel obey;
 In virtue and friendship rejoice,
 and walk in the new living way.

XLIII GOSPEL PARABLE

AS we progress in righteousness,
 our crosses still grow lighter.
 With joy we move, in perfect love.
 our way still growing brighter.
 Which ever way our eyes we turn,
 we view delightful bowers,
 And in these pleasant groves discern
 the most delicious flowers.

2- When weary grown, we there sit down,
 and sipping at our leisure,
 The precious juice these flowers produce,
 O what a source of pleasure!
 'Tis here we can, with greatest ease,
 our little crosses carry:
 They seem to vanish by degrees,
 and leave us bright and merry.

And waters pure we can procure,
 In these lovely bowers,
 A living stream does gently teem,
 And nourishes the flowers.

Here we can drink and quench our thirst,
 and realize with pleasure,
 The source from which these waters burst
 for there we have our treasure.

4. And drinking free, we soon shall be
 recruited up for going;

And giving thanks, we form our ranks,
 and march with spirits glowing.

Thus we proceed with great delight,
 still Zion-ward advancing,
 And praising God with all our might
 with singing and with dancing.

5. This is the fare of those who bear
 their cross, without repining:

But 'tis not so with them, we know,
 who backward are inclining;

In some confused thorny maze,
 themselves they're sure to tangle,
 Because with Wisdom's lovely ways
 they never cease to wrangle. J. M.

XLIV

COME thou king of peace and union,
 rule and reign in ev'ry heart;
 Bind us in one sweet communion,
 never never more to part.

Union brings increasing pleasure—
 union gives us life and zeal—

Union fills us without measure,
 with the joys we love to feel.

2. All is right while union's reigning;
 all is peace and quietness,

While true love we are maintaining—
 while in union we progress.

Bound by the cords of eternal union—
 rul'd by the king of eternal peace—

Union takes the sole dominion,
 discord must forever cease.

H h

ANNA, MARIA, and EMILY.

Em. The greatest pleasure I could ever find,
Is in a peaceful and contented mind:
Employ'd in gaining or in doing good;
In duty always faithful as I should;—
To Elders subject as a little child;
To my companions always meek and mild;
No double-dealing—no deceit and lies;
But always honest, just, and truly wise.

Maria. Aye that shall be the chosen path for me;
A better choice than this I cannot see;
I want no other happiness than this;
And all the world could not afford such bliss.
The world, 'tis true, may boast its fancied joys;
But all its boast is vain deceptive noise:
Its promis'd bliss no soul could ever find:
It only serves to lure and cheat the mind.

Anna. Such luring vanities are not for me;
They lead to bondage; I'm call'd to be free;
And freedom is my choice; therefore I'll stay,
And spend my days in this good heav'nly way.
With my companions in the gospel field,
I'll fight my battles, and I'll never yield.
I'll gain the conquest over every evil,
And rise above the world, the flesh and devil;
And all shall know that I am no deceiver;
But I will be an honest good Believer.

XLVI. CONTENTMENT,

I'M blest with the gospel of salvation!
Blest with a near and dear relation;—
Blest with a peaceful habitation,—
And with youthful days to live:
Earth with all her gorgeous splendor,
Pompous pride, and worldly grandeur.
Never can molest or hinder
Right or title to my claim.

NO adverse winds my course shall bind,
 all dangers I am braving;
 I'll steer my bark toward the ark,
 where Mother's standard's waving;
 Tho' billows roar I'll put to shore—
 my anchor is secured—
 I'll seek and strive till I arrive
 at port where life's insured.

2. With zeal I'll sweep the flowing deep—
 and take my cross with pleasure,
 And labor more to have in store
 an everlasting treasure.—
 I'll watch and pray, to keep the way,
 as Christ's example teaches,—
 I'll not complain, but strive to gain
 the never-fading riches.

3. This we may know, whate'er we sow,
 the same must be expected—
 Tares are not wheat, wild oats are cheat:
 such fruits must be rejected,
 To say I love my God above,
 and set great store by Mother,
 Were all deceit, if I should hate
 my sister or my brother.

4. Again, unless my righteousness
 exceed the antichristian,
 My hopes will fall when God shall call
 my faith and works in question.
 Where few can meet, in union sweet,
 a humble mind possessing,
 Christ will be there, & grant their prayer,
 and give them Mother's blessing.

5. I'll kiss the rod that's sent of God,
 be patient, meek and humble.
 No heavy stroke shall me provoke
 to murmur, fret or grumble;
 Then I can say, O happy day!
 I have receiv'd, with pleasure,
 That blessed peace, which will increase,
 and be my lasting treasure.

HOW dissatisfaction will roll through the mind
of those who are lovers of sin
True happiness never for them was design'd;
their judgment at length must roll in.
How long shall the wicked abide with the just?
O heavens, how long shall it be!
Shall Zion, like Israel, with Achan be curs'd,
and never be wholly made free.

2. Shall those who continue to do their own will,
and give their profession the lie,
Go on, a lost nature of lust to fulfil,
and all righteous counsel defy?
Shall those vile offenders continue secure?
the day is advancing along,
To try who is honest enough to endure
the work of a glorifi'd throng.

3. By the laws of Mount Zion the wicked must flee
to some other region or place:
For they and the righteous can never agree.
when running the true gospel race.
As chaff, by the fan, from the wheat must be blown,
so wickedness all must depart,
Before the true God & his Christ they have known,
who dwell in a sin-hating heart.

4. But those who are loyal to Zion's great king,
for their independence may stand;
A soul undefiled, a conscience that's clean,
will ornament heaven's pure band.
Then lift up your heads ye afflicted and say,
The order of God is my shield;
So in the pure order of Zion I'll stay,
to no other order I'll yield. **H. M.**

XL A MARCH

Now in this little gospel hive,
I feel my soul united
With those who strive to keep alive,
And be the Lord's anointed;
For ev'ry one that means to run
The way that's meek and lowly,
Must first begin to purge out sin,
And live a life that's holy &c.

O come pure love and fill my heart!
 And never more from me depart:—
 Let me be swallow'd up in thee,
 Then O how happy I shall be.

2. The love that does from Mother flow,
 Is that in which I mean to grow;
 And let it cost me what it will,
 The law of love I will fulfil.

3. This law requires nothing hard,
 But just good order to regard;
 And all who will in union move,
 Will keep this wholesome law of love.

—————XLIX—————

LORD thy name shall be exalted,
 by the humble and the pure.
 Thou hast gather'd her that halted—
 thou art calling in the poor.
 Thou dost comfort the afflicted;
 and relieve the fatherless,
 Helpless orphans are protected;
 in the way of holiness.

2. Fill my soul with true thanksgiving—
 fill my mouth with songs of praise;
 Those who feel their spirits living,
 Ev'ry grateful feeling raise.
 Rise, my soul, rejoice forever!
 prize the resurrection morn!
 Prize the hand that form'd my Mother!
 prize the day that she was born.

3. Blessed day of free salvation!
 blessed cross, we all maintain!
 Prize the holy habitation
 where the gifts of God remain!
 Blessed food, how sweet and pleasant!
 blessed is our heav'nly fare;—
 Where the love of God is present,
 It is heaven ev'ry where.

4. Can I ever fret or murmur,
 or be lifeless, dull, or cold?
 Where an everlasting summer
 such bright glories does unfold.

Here's the oil and wine inviting—
 here the milk and honey flows—
 Many precious gifts uniting,
 here the blooming lily grows.

5. Here the tender vine and myrtle,
 spread sweet odors all around,—
 Lovely virgins join in circles,
 to the harp's melodious sound.
 Holy angels guard my spirit,
 in the path my parents trod,
 That I may a right inherit
 to the holy Mount of God.

— — — L. — — WATCHFULNESS.

IN this world of tribulation,
 where ten thousand dangers stand,
 I am call'd to keep my station—
 Guard and watch on ev'ry hand.
 Day and night I am surrounded,
 foes within, and foes without,
 If my peace should not be wounded
 I must always look about—

2. If I linger, sleep or slumber,
 darkness will pervade mine eyes:
 While the faithful watchful number
 are advancing to the prize.
 O, how swift my time is flying!
 daily it is on the wing
 Let me then with Christ be dying,
 and complete redemption sing.

3. When my warfare is completed—
 when my mortal race is run,
 With the saints may I be seated,
 take the laurels I have won.
 With my precious friends united,
 who have suffer'd here with me,—
 In that region be delighted,
 through a sweet eternity.

Remember thy Creators (Hæb.) in the days
 of thy youth, before the evil days come. &
 the years wherein thou shalt say, I have
 no pleasure in them. Eccl. xii, 1.

(67)

O how precious and how cheering
Is the lovely way of God!

O what comforts are appearing,
While we travel in the road.

No discouragements or weakness
Can disturb this little flock,
Persecution, pain and sickness
Cannot move the solid rock.

Little children love each other,
And be humble meek and mild,
For our precious loving Mother
Loves a true obedient child;
Let's be simple, kind and clever,
Never be ashamed to pray;
For our precious parents never
Turn such little ones away.

————XLVIII————

COME brethren and sisters let's learn to be wise,
That we may inherit the immortal prize;
For full compensation for all we endure—
Rich clusters of heavenly things hang before.

2 The true heirs of heaven are humble in mind,
And tender in feeling and loving and kind;
Their souls are replenish'd with dews from above:
They drink at one fountain, the spirit of love

3 The image of meekness upon them's engrav'd;
With wisdom and beauty their way shall be pav'd;
The smiles of good angels from heaven above
Are hov'ring around like a mantle of love

————XLVI————

BY streams where living waters flow—
Where lilies bloom and roses grow,
This little band with joy regale,
For heav'nly fruit grows in the vale.
No raging storm, nor darkening cloud,
Can reach this vale, no high nor proud,
For to the pure rejoicing band.
The Lord will give this holy land.

- 1 **The spirit of obedience**
 O how it binds the carnal sense!
 It is the only true defence,
 Where souls can find protection;
 From other lords and lovers free,
 I'm well contented where I be,
 Obedience hath saved me
 From ev'ry base connection.
- 2 Obedience hath fix'd me here,
 And free'd my soul from ev'ry snare,
 And now my cross I mean to bear,
 And still be in my duty;
 Free from all damage, debt, and fraud,
 I stand upon the mount of God,
 And mean to go no more abroad,
 In quest of love and beauty.
- 3 Obedience my feelings bind
 From objects distant or behind,
 And in my present gift I find
 The greatest consolation—
 'To worship God with feet and hands—
 And where my call of duty stands,
 To wear the gospel's lovely bands,
 And keep my just relation.
- 4 Obedience that's pure & clean,
 Is now the staff on which I lean:
 It leads to glories yet unseen,
 Which tongues have never spoken.
 Obedience, I truly say,
 To what is taught in this great day,
 Will prove an everlasting stay,
 Which never can be broken.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

I mean to be obedient,
 And cross my ugly nature,
 And share the blessings that are sent
 To ev'ry honest creature;
 With ev'ry gift I will unite,
 And join in sweet devotion:—
 To worship God, is my delight,
 With hands and feet in motion.

COME on fellow trav'lers, to Zion we're going!
 the cost we have counted, the score is complete;
 The world with its beauty still darker is growing,
 from which we, forever, intend to retreat.
 We'll pass through all storms, to the mansions of glory,
 where trials and suff'rings will find us no more;
 We then, with delight, will repeat the glad story,
 and join the bright chorus of thousands before.

2 This world of vain-glory is not worth possessing,
 the reason of which we can easily tell,
 'Tis because it deprives us of far greater blessing,
 and souls who pursue it scarce ever do well.
 But if we resign all that time can take from us,
 and patiently walk in the strait narrow road,
 We'll find greater blessing, according to promise,
 besides a more permanent place of abode.

3 While here on this earth, we will face ev'ry trial,
 that losses and crosses may bring to our view,
 And still be increasing in true self-denial,
 till selfish old nature we wholly subdue.
 Then let us be cheerful while passing all dangers,—
 we soon shall arrive where the conflict shall cease
 No more on this earth to be out among strangers,
 but safely repose in the mansions of peace.

LIX

EMBRACE with joy what Mother teaches,
 O ye chosen little few:
 With pleasant looks, and pleasant speeches,
 and with pleasant feelings too.
 Return to Satan all your sadness,—
 all dark gloom to him belongs;
 Come, let the voice of joy and gladness
 ring with Zion's pleasant songs.

2 From sin and sorrow we've departed,
 and are walking in the light;
 And we'll be true and honest-hearted:—
 this we all may know is right.
 The soul that Mother's way embraces,
 is arising from the dead:
 And now's the time for pleasant faces,
 not for hanging down the head.

5. A joyful heart is well accepted,
 in this glorious latter-day;
 Because our souls are well protected,
 in our Mother's pleasant way.

Our King and Queen we'll love forever,
 and their pleasure we will do;
 So shall we gain their grace and favor,
 and a place in heaven too.

LX The Wedding-Garment

COME, virgins arise and dispel all your fears!
 The voice of the Bride-groom has reached our ears;
 The Bride has come forth, and the servants do call,
 And this invitation is free for us all;
 And all who will venture—may now come and enter,
 and share in the treasure of love.

2. Christ's servants have call'd us and bid us come in,
 And waiten to have us get strippt of all sin.
 Come, up and be doing, and let us prepare,
 For Mother has sent us a garment to wear;
 And all who believe it—and gladly receive it,
 will keep it and make it their own.

3. Come, strip off your vestments so ragged and old,
 Be clad with a garment more precious than gold,—
 So lovely, so pretty, and always keeps clean!
 The choicest of raiment that ever was seen;
 And all who will wear it—do'n't rend it nor tear it,
 their nakedness will not appear.

4. This beautiful garment, as we have been told,
 is form'd of a substance that never grows old,
 And clad with this garment, we cannot conceal
 Our inward sensations how pleasant we feel.
 We'll take our full measure—of this blessed treasure,
 then we shall be happy and free.

5. O, what a rich present my Mother has made!
 in choicest of raiment I shall be array'd:
 To call it my beauty I cannot forbear.
 'Tis just such a garment as Mother does wear.
 O what a rich present! It makes me look pleasant:
 I'll wear it as long as I live.

6. Come. Brethren and Sisters. come share in the prize!
 For this is the garment that makes us so wise;—
 'Twill make us feel loving. and simple, and meek,
 And all such as wear it, how pleasant they speak!
 Let's love one another,—be thankful to Mother.
 and patiently travel along

LXI GOSPEL ORDERS.

Gospel-Orders I'll obey—tho a self-denying way;
 Here I find a daily cross—which does save from sin and law
 2. O the love without control—which is shown unto my soul!
 I am call'd to enter in—ceasing from the paths of sin.
 3. What a priv'lege I possess—in Mount Zion to be blest!
 O, how thankful I should be—that my soul can now be free.
 4. Free from sin's unlawful claims—free from natur's galling
 I will be a subject child—keep a spirit meek & mild. [chains.
 5. Nothing now can stand the test—but the deeds of righteous
 nature must be done away—& no longer bear the sway. [ness
 6. Gospel-works & pure desires—surely are what God requires
 He'll no other one uphold—but the meek & upright soul.
 7. My good faith & works I'll hold, like an honest faithful soul
 then my soul will comfort find—of the pure & heav'nly kind.

LXII HOW THANKFUL!

HOW thankful, how thankful! I gladly embrace
 My sweet habitation in this happy place,
 Where brethren and sisters are loving and kind
 In meekness, my union to them I must find.
 2. And if I be simple to keep in my place,
 'Twill clothe me with beauty, and fill me with grace;
 'Twill make me feel careful to always maintain
 A spirit of union. and never complain.
 3. If my little crosses I cheerfully bear,
 This garment of beauty I always shall wear;
 'Twill make me feel little. and simple, and meek,
 And like a peace-maker I always will speak.
 4. Then Mother will love me and I shall be free,—
 My Elders will love me, where ever I be,—
 My brethren will love me, and I shall be blest,—
 My sisters will love me, and I shall find rest.

IN the Church of Christ and Mother,
 carnal feelings have no place;
 Here the simple love each other,
 free from ev'ry thing that's base
 Therefore when the flesh is named,—
 when impeachments fly around,
 Honest souls do feel ashamed,—
 shudder at the very sound.

2. Ah! thou foul and filthy stranger!
 what canst thou be after here?
 Thou wilt find thyself in danger,
 if thou dost not disappear.
 Vanish quick, I do advise you!
 For we mean to let you know
 Good Believers do despise you,
 as a dang'rous deadly foe.

3. Dare you, in the sight of heaven,
 show your foul and filthy pranks?
 Can a place to you be given
 in the bright angelic ranks?
 Go! I say, thou unclean devil!
 go from this redeemed soil.
 If you think you cannot travel,
 through a lake of boiling oil.

LXIV. A Prayer.

More life and zeal, I want to feel,
 more like a true Believer.
 Come, righteousness and me possess,
 in all of my behavior.
 Then O how free my soul will be,
 my spirit kind and clever;
 True holiness I will possess,
 and live in peace forever,

LXV. A MARCH

COME, let us all be marching on,
 into the New-Jerusalem;
 The call is now to ev'ry one
 to be alive and moving.
 This precious call we will obey—
 we love to march the heav'nly way,
 And in it we can dance and play,
 and feel our spirits living.

PART II. HYMN I.

*To the memory of Mother Lucy Wright, who deceased,
Feb. 7th 1821, 3 o'clock P. M.*

Our Mother has finish'd her work here on earth,
And gone to the mansions of heavenly mirth;
From all mortal sorrows her soul is releas'd,
To share the reward of her labors, in peace.

2. No more to her children can Mother return,
Nor can we call back the good days that are gone;
The years of her mortal existence are told,
And we, in the Spirit, can Mother behold.

3. Her angelic spirit, unfetter'd from clay,
Will shine forth in glory, in heavenly day
And still our good Mother her love will retain,
And make intercession for those that remain.

4. Our Mother's not left us—her spirit is here!
To all good Believers she still will be near.
"My mantle (says Mother) shall rest upon you,
If you my dear children be faithful and true."

5. Her precious example does heaven record:—
Her life was unspotted, devoted to God;
And she was a Mother in Israel indeed;
Her children felt safety, in follow'ng their lead.

6. In wisdom and patience, in meekness and love,
She pointed her children to mansions above;
Confirmed the aged, directed the youth,
And brought-up her children in virtue and truth.

7. In her lovely footsteps O may we all run,
And share in the glory that Mother has won.
The law of our Mother we will not forsake,
That of her kind blessing we still may partake.

3. There still is a work here for each one to do,
 Then let us be faithful till we've travel'd through;
 Let's cleave to the lead that in Zion remains,
 And through all our dwellings let righteousness reign.

HYMN II. *The Pass-over.*

Our Mother, it seems, is deceas'd!
 her work, in the body, is done—
 That precious bright star in the east,
 to human appearance, is gone!
 Releas'd from her cumbersome clay,
 and join'd to her life-giving head,
 It would be improper to say
 that good Mother Lucy is dead.

2. She had no great distance to go,
 to find the celestial band,
 Whose work and employment we know,
 is here in Emanuel's land;
 And when to that rank she arose,
 the fruit of her labors to reap,
 We cannot, in reason, suppose
 that good Mother Lucy's asleep.

3. When Moses was ready to die,
 and gave his successor the key;
 "Be valiant my son, (was his cry)
 and be not concern'd about me;
 I shall not remain on this hill,
 but join the invisible host,
 And if thou art faithful I will
 be with thee in all that thou dost."

4. When Jesus himself had to go,
 to gain a more solid increase,
 His uniting spirit did flow,
 to fill his disciples with peace;
 Methinks he cri'd out with a smile—
 "I truly must suffer great pain,
 And be out of sight for a while,
 but, brethren. I'll see you again."

5. He certainly did not intend
to leave his good friends in distress:
Altho he was call'd to ascend,
and heaven itself to possess;
But to his disciples did say—
“this body shall quite disappear,
But I shall be with you alway,
your spirits to comfort and cheer.

6. This precious good promise how plain?
to doubt it how hateful and mean!
When Jesus the Lamb that was slain,
by five-hundred brethren was seen.
Thus souls that are truly akin,
have faithfully march'd on their way,
Until they have truly brought in
the glory of this latter-day.

6. First Mother the gift did revive,
who with her good children abode,
And prov'd that she still was alive,
by virtue that constantly flow'd.
This pass-over now we must eat
for good Mother Lucy is gone,
But with her we'll certainly meet,
as fast as we grow into one.

HYMN III. *Mother Ruth's Memorial, who
deceased Oct. 26th 1821. aged 53 years 6 months.*

Our precious Mother now is gone to rest!
Our first beloved Mother in the west;—
This lovely star hath set in calm repose!
Yea, Mother's days on earth are at a close.

2. The heav'ns and earth did certainly unite,
To form and ornament this star of light;
Yet all her nat'ral beauty has to fade.
And in the tomb her body must be laid.

3. Heart-rending thought! Is Mother really gone?
 And is her work on earth forever done?
 All nature sure might wear a mournful gloom,
 While Mother's corpse moves to the silent tomb.

4. Yea, she has pass'd the everlasting door—
 And now her lovely face we'll see no more,
 Nor hear the gentle sound of Mother's feet,
 'Till in a world of spirits we do meet.

5. But with her spirit we can never part—
 She has a place in ev'ry honest heart;
 And that eternal treasure she did gain,
 With all her faithful children will remain.

6. The treasure she received from her lead,
 She freely minister'd in word and deed—
 Her life, her all she freely did bestow,
 Which in her children now must live and grow.

7. Her bright example was without a stain—
 Her manners free, her conversation plain—
 Sharp in reproofing, yet in spirit kind,
 To cheer and animate th'afflicted mind.

8. Her patience under suff'rings has been great;
 Such suff'rings as no mortal can relate;
 Through which she mark'd that strait and narrow road,
 Which has convey'd her safely home to God.

9. What now remains for us that are behind,
 But to unite in Mother's heav'nly mind?
 To bear a faithful cross and travel on
 To that eternal rest where Mother's gone.

HYMN IV, (77)

*To the memory of Father David Darrow who deceased,
on monday June 27th 1825: aged 75 years and 6 days.*

OUR good Father David has finish'd his days,
and gone to receive his reward:
What monument, now, will be proper to raise,
his virtuous life to record?
From statues of marble, and gravings on brass,
the mem'ry of mortals may rot;
But while we're united in bearing our cross,
good Father will not be forgot.

2. He was a cross-bearer, we all must agree;
his faithfulness none can dispute.
Yea, from the beginning, this flourishing tree
could always be known by his fruit.
Among the first plants on American soil,
his standing he firmly maintain'd,
And shar'd with first Mother the labor and toil,
by which gospel-freedom was gain'd.

3. In mortification he travel'd so swift,
that when Father Joseph deceas'd
He stood as a pillar, and mov'd with the gift,
as fast as church-order increas'd.
His soul was a treas'ry for all that was gain'd.
and brought it all safe to the west,
Where the heavy burdens that he has sustain'd
by mortals cannot be express'd.

4. His incessant labors, for twenty long years,
and suff'rings that cannot be told,
Have furnish'd a treasure, esteem'd by his heirs,
more precious than mountains of gold.
To speak of his patience and fatherly care,
his meekness, his wisdom and zeal,
Would be too extensive, we'll have to forbear,—
we cannot express what we feel.

5. His impartial kindness and justice to all,
must render his memory dear,
And on this occasion do certainly call
from each an affectionate tear.

But let us not grieve that he's called away,
 or think his releasement is wrong;
 But rather thanks-giving to heaven repay,
 for sparing good Father so long.

6. 'Twas not prematurely that he had to go,—
 he came to an orderly end.
 He was not drag'd off by the hand of a foe,
 but kindly releas'd by a friend;
 Five years being added to three-score and ten,
 with fulness of days he was blest;
 Then to his releasement we must say, Amen.
 'tis time for good Father to rest.

7. The gospel's foundation is faithfully laid,
 on heaven's unchangeable plan—
 An order establish'd to second and aid
 the work which good Father began.
 These pleasing reflections may comfort us all,
 and strengthen our Ministry's hands,
 Assur'd that no part of the building need fall,
 as long as the foundation stands. E. W.

V. *A Poem composed on Father's last address
 to the Elders, and read at the funeral.*

COME, come loving children around you may gather,
 And hear for a moment what I have to say;
 It is the farewell of a tender kind Father,
 Whose days like a shadow are passing away.

2. In patience and faith I have labor'd and suffer'd,
 Until I have reached my ten and three-score,
 My strength now is gone and cannot be recover'd,
 Till here in the body you see me no more.

3. The gospel of Mother has long been my treasure,
 And when my past travel comes all up to view,
 I know I have kept it and in a good measure,
 Deliver'd this soul-saving gospel to you.

4. I never have flinch'd in the hour of trial,
 Tho some persecution I've had to endure,
 And keeping the pathway of true self-denial,
 I sensibly feel my foundation is sure.

5. To cherish this faith in you western Believers,
Has long been my labor by day and by night;
And while heaven's gifts have been flowing like rivers,
Your love and obedience were all my delight.

6. And now my good friends, tho we have to be parted
My love and my blessing shall with you remain:
So I'm not discourag'd, cast down or faint-hearted,
For lo by and by I shall see you again.

7. One charge to you Elders I have to deliver—
I bind it upon you that when I am gone,
All strife and contention be banish'd forever,
And that you be join'd and united in one.

8. Remember your union will be your protection;
And when you perceive where my mantle has fell,
I hope one and all will come into subjection,
And so with this prospect, I bid you farewell. E. W.

VI. *Memorial of Elders Ruth Darrow, who deceased at West Union, Sep. 18th, 1814, aged 34 lacking 11 days.*

A MOTHER in Israel, a mother indeed,
Hath left her dear children, her spiritual seed!
She's gone! she is gone! we shall see her no more,
While we remain pilgrims on this mortal shore.

2. O pity! O pity! may we not complain?
Why did our young Eld'ress no longer remain,
To teach us and lead us the way she has trod,
And by her example conduct us to God.

3. Her spirit now answers this grievous complaint.
"I've finish'd the labors for which I was sent,—
In patience I've travel'd and suffer'd with you,
Till heaven inform'd me my labors were through."

4. What soul in their reason, according to truth,
Can ask any more of kind Elders Ruth?
And while we're interring her lonely remains,
We thank her kind spirit for her toil and pains,

5. All her blessed counsel we'll ever retain,
 And her pure example we'll always maintain;
 For she from an infant in virtue did run,
 And who among women her zeal hath out-done.

6. And now to kind heaven we make our request,
 That with such another we yet may be blest:
 Yet we will rejoice in the gift that remains,
 Yea, subject & thankful for their care and pains. *I.*

*VII. Memorial of Elderess Martha Sanford, who
 deceased at West-Union, Oct. 19th 1823; aged 54, 5,*

OUR dear beloved Eld'ress Martha's fled!
 To worlds beyond the regions of the dead;
 To join her order in the realms of light,
 Where there's no sickness, death, nor gloomy night.

2. But everlasting day with her's begun,—
 She's clos'd her work on earth, her race is run,
 And with her kindred, who are gone before,
 She shares her just reward forevermore.

3. Methinks I hear the shout, Come Martha, come!
 Your work is done on earth, you're welcome home!
 You've suffer'd just enough to try your soul;
 Now fly to Mother's arms she'll make you whole.

4. Her tortur'd body of material clay,
 In which we've seen her suffer night and day,
 Forever she's discharg'd with its disease,
 And left for us to treat just as we please.

5. In honor, now, to her beloved soul,
 We'll sing a solemn song, and each condole;
 Then lay this body safe beneath the ground,
 But Eld'ress Martha's praise we'll ever sound. *I. B.*

VIII. Memorial of John Naylor. Feb. 1, 1826.

HERE lies the corpse of Elder brother John!
 His precious soul is to his parents gone!
 But in the Church his spirit will remain,
 As long as truth and righteousness shall reign.

2. In early times, in eighteen hundred five,
 His soul to God was truly made alive;
 And from that period to the present day,
 His faith he did most pointedly obey.
3. The lot of Eldership he early gain'd,
 In which his character has been unstain'd
 And those for whom his talents were employ'd
 When he is gone, must feel an aching void.
4. Yea, ev'ry faithful soul can truly say,
 That to the Church it is a trying day,
 To have an Elder moved from the stage,
 Who is but two and fifty years of age.
6. As he's the first call'd from this lot of care,
 It justly may excite us all to prayer—
 That his example may not be forgot,
 By those who may be call'd to fill his lot. E. W.

IX

ANOTHER

- OUR** kind Elder brother his breath has resign'd!
 His spirit no more to this earth is confin'd—
 From mortal affliction, from sorrow and pain,
 His soul is released, in glory to reign
2. In faithful cross-bearing his race he has run—
 A crown of salvation has righteously won.
 In Zion's bright mansions a place he has found,
 Where beauty and glory forever abound.
3. In deep tribulation he never complain'd;—
 A placid mild spirit he always maintain'd.
 His tender kind labors he freely bestow'd,
 To lead and direct us the heavenly road.
4. His meekness, his patience and fatherly care,
 In grateful remembrance we ever will bear;
 His precious example we love and adore,
 And deeply regret that we see him no more.

X 'TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN CARSON.

- HOW** solemn the occasion on which we assemble
to take a last leave of our kind brother John!
Our sorrowful feelings we cannot dissemble—
to think that so useful a brother is gone.
Is gone! did we say? Yea, the fact is asserted.
How sudden the change! and how solemn the case
His soul from his body forever is parted—
and such will be, shortly, the case with us all.
2. Tho now we are sorry, 'tis but for a season;
the ties of old nature will have to give way,
And for consolation we'll find ample reason,
soon as we lose sight of this perishing clay.
It is but a hairbreadth, a moment's transition,
from suff'rings and groanings and ev'ry complaint.
And lo the Believer has chang'd his condition,
and enters his lot as a beautifi'd saint.
3. These considerations, we're fully persuaded,
toward the deceased will justly apply;
Through many deep waters he patiently waded,
and back to the world never turned his eye.
For twenty-four years in the work of cross-bearing—
his simple obedience we cannot dispute:
Be this an excitement that all be preparing,
and truly bring forth as acceptable fruit.
4. Our sorrows in time may be counted a bubble
compar'd with the comfort so heavenly sweet,
When we are releas'd from this region of trouble,
and parents and children do joyfully meet.
Then cheer up ye humble, ye meek and ye lowly!
ye proud and ye lofty, you'd better come down;
For none but the simple, obedient, and holy,
can ever inherit this beautiful crown. E. W.

XI. *Another*

COME now, dear friends, and gather near,
and let us calmly view
What kind of death we most should fear,
and how we ought to do.

A mortal scene does now present,
 afflicting to us all,
 Which has to us a warning sent,
 to meet just such a call.

2. O could this cup have passed by,
 and spared a useful friend!
 Who in one hour thus did die;
 life's thread is weak, depend'
 But he has kept Mount-Zion's laws—
 unwav'ring he did stand,
 And zealously espous'd the cause
 of the cross-bearing band.

3. A gen'rous mind—a faithful hand,
 his labors to bestow
 To help build up, here in this land,
 the truth and make it grow.
 All who have here an int'rest found
 in keeping God's pure way,
 In sorrow truly do abound,
 that such are call'd away.

4. Yet since it is but nat'ral death,
 for which we so lament,
 There's cause of thanks, at ev'ry breath,
 his time has been well spent.
 How sweet the closing scene of one,
 whose conscience is serene!
 His duty faithfully is done,
 and peace does intervene.

5. O that we all could shut our eyes
 on this world's vain parade!
 For sure 'tis but deceit and lies—
 that soon must sink and fade,
 Then let 's secure that precious crown,
 a conscience clear and bright,
 And when we quit this lowly ground
 we'll dwell in endless light. ▲. ✻.

XII. *A Funeral-hymn for a youth.*

A lovely youth* has had to yield
 To death's alarming sway,
 This precious flower of the field
 Has now been snatch'd away:
 Her morning sun rose clear and bright
 And shone with youthful bloom;
 But e'er it reach'd meridian hight,
 She meets the silent tomb.

2. A promising and lovely youth!
 Belov'd and owned here;
 Who early did embrace the truth,
 And kept it year by year.
 Her early exit we regret;—
 And would have had her stay;
 But lo! how soon this solemn debt
 We all have got to pay.

She bore with patience, truly great,
 Her suff'rings, tho' severe,
 And bow'd submissive to her fate,
 Without a groan or tear.
 No more we hear her cheerful voice,
 Uniting with the song,
 Nor see her living soul rejoice,
 Among the virgin throng.

4. Tho' here her mortal body lies,
 All lifeless, cold and pale,
 By faith we see her spirit rise
 Above this earthly vail;
 In songs more lovely and divine,
 Her soul will sound again;
 And in triumphant glory shine,
 Through endless days. Amen. W. B.

**Salome Naylor.*

XIII *An.ther.*

OUR sister,* now, has bid adieu
 To sickness pain and death!
 The way of God she did pursue,
 Until her latest breath.
 She run the race, she fought the fight,
 She kept the gospel faith;
 And now can shout, in realms of light—
 “Where is thy sting?, O death !

2. Tho from her tenement of clay,
 Her spirit now is fled,
 She lives!—She reigns, in brighter day!
 Our sister is not dead.
 She cannot die—since, from her youth;
 She kept the way of life.
 In peace she trod the path of truth,
 And shun'd the way of strife.

3. In self-denial— virtue's track,
 (Tho of her kin bereft)
 She spent her days, and ne'er look'd back,
 Nor sigh'd for what she'd left.
 A spotless virgin-life she liv'd,—
 A free-will off'ring made,
 For which she, doubtless has receiv'd
 A crown that cannot fade.

4. O that we all thus wise may prove!
 And cleave to virtue's ways;
 And learn to live in peace and love,
 The remnant of our days;
 That when from time, and earthly things
 We shall be call'd away,
 Our souls may drink of living springs,
 In everlasting day.

*Eunice Jackson.

R. W. P.

XIV. Eldress Prudence's Funeral-hymn.

Farewell loving sister! farewell in the Lord!
 Now call'd to receive your immortal reward—
 We shall not forget thee, thou vessel of grace,
 Nor that blessed day when we first saw thy face.

2. Her holy example's of infinite price—
 Brought up in the gospel, a stranger to vice—
 Her cross, from the first, she did cheerfully bear,
 And finish'd her work in her thirty-first year.

3. Tho some may imagine our sister is gone;
 She's not far removed, our spirit is one:
 Wi'th the Lamb on Mount-Zion we still feel her near
 And bright as the Jasper doth Prudence appear.

4. Her heaven-born spirit to angels akin,
 Not stain'd with the flesh, nor polluted with sin,
 Has now got releas'd from the sorrows of earth,
 And shares the full joys of her heavenly birth.

5. Tho now we deposit this cold lump of clay,
 Are we separated? My soul answers, nay.
 We cannot be parted, my sister, my dove,
 But drink at one fountain, the spirit of love.

6. The Father of spirits hath taken his child,
 An innocent virgin, a soul undefil'd;
 Without spot or wrinkle she reaches the goal,
 And the heavens rejoice to receive such a soul.

7. O brethren and sisters be thankful to God,
 And cleave to the way that our sister has trod.
 With Christ we must suffer, before we can reign,
 And all who are faithful the prize shall obtain. R. M.

XV. *The various kinds of death.*

COME brethren and sisters in gospel relation!
 our heavenly calling let 's calmly review.—
 Call'd out of this earthly and fallen creation,
 to rise into that which is heav'nly and new;

The world and its pleasures must all be forsaken—
 without reservation, we give up the whole—
 We know by experience, we can't be mistaken,
 the life of this world is but death to the soul.

2. Through all former ages, from Adam to Moses,
 and till Christ appeared, death reigned we know:
 But by the wise plan which the gospel proposes,
 old death has received a finishing blow.

The contrast is marked between flesh and spirit,
 between the good soul, and a nature impure;
 And now if salvation and life we inherit,
 the death of that nature we have to endure.

3. This is the one death to a gospel-Believer,
 from which he arises to live and to reign;—
 The *old man* is slain, and is burn'd forever,
 then pray what occasion for dying again?
 Our faith is not founded on human opinion,
 that this will eternally settle the score;—
 Death, on such a soul, can have no more dominion,
 for God has declar'd that he dieth no more. (*Rom. vi*)

4. For this dissolution Christ set the example,
 renouncing the flesh and the ties of flesh-kin,
 And stood manifested as God's holy temple,—
 soul, body, and spirit redeem'd from all sin.
 To follow his footsteps, it is our profession,—
 to walk in the same narrow path that he trod
 To die to the flesh, and to rise in relation
 to those who are, risen and living to God.

5. What, now, shall we think of the poor gospel-slighter
 who cleaves to the flesh, and refuses to die?
 The bands of old nature grow tighter and tighter,
 still dreading the death that will come by and by;
 This death puts an end to their fanciful pleasure,
 but still they're alive and profoundly awake;
 And now there's a death they may die at their leisure;
 but their beastly nature they cannot forsake.

6. Alive in the flesh they are forcibly launched
 into a hot lake without bottom or shore:—
 Their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,
 O, what a sad fix for the beast and the whore!
 Alive in the midst of unquenchable fire!
 their enmity strong, and their torment as great!
 The grand dissolution, 'tis said they desire,
 and seek after death, but alas it's too late.

7. Then, *take up your cross*, is the counsel of heaven—
 and put away evil as fast as you can;
 Confess and forsake, and purge out the old leaven;
 Put off the old beast, and put on the *New man*.
 Tho' deaths may be var'ous, no odds how they're reckon'd
 to die unto sin is our heavenly call;
 This death may be called the first or the second,
 but heaven assures us it is once for all. E. W.

NOTE. DEATH, as it respects mankind, means a failure or dissolution of the powers and faculties of either mind or body; and is, therefore considered either natural, moral, or spiritual; the two latter relate to man as a moral agent.

Man, as a moral agent is dead in trespasses and sins, till by the spirit of the law, he is convicted and reformed to a moral and virtuous life, and becomes a candidate for spiritual & eternal life, which he can gain only by the gospel. If he fail of the resurrection into spiritual life, his certain doom is to fall under the power of the second death, which originates in unbelief and ends in the total extinction of all spiritual perception, a total infidelity as to spiritual things. The future state of such will be most deplorable.

Natural death, or the failure of our bodily powers, has nothing alarming to a Believer; but whatever would affect his faith, his morals, or his spiritual senses, is to be avoided as the most deadly poison; at least till we gain that state, in which deadly things, and even death itself can have no dominion over us or influence upon us; as said the Poet,—

Should all the forms that men devise
 assault my faith, with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 and bind the gospel to my heart,

XVI. A Funeral-hymn, dated Dec. 27, 1812.

- HOW** glorious the warfare in which we're enlisted!
 how short is the battle in this mortal state!
 And when to the last we have boldly resisted,
 the crown of salvation how glorious and great!
 These bodies are but like a fortification,
 in which for a season we rally the foe:
 And when we have served our time of probation,
 away to head-quarters we'll joyfully go.
2. Some enter the field, for a short expedition,
 and others enlist for a solid campaign,
 But all who are faithful until their dismissal,
 a happy reward of their service will gain,
 Tho' some valiant souls greater glory may merit,
 through uncommon suff'rings great labor and care,
 Yet all who are join'd in the same blessed spirit,
 in one happy kingdom forever shall share.
3. For many years past, scarce a soul was discharged;
 so few would been willing to bear such a cross;
 But now both in numbers and strength we're enlarged,
 that some can be spared without any loss;
 And tho' they're releas'd by a lawful dismissal,
 it seldom is pleasing to those who remain;
 We rather would hold them in outward relation,
 until we had finish'd the gen'ral campaign.
4. But now since the way has begun to be travel'd
 in vain these sad changes we try to resist;
 All means and exertions are easily baffled,
 and some of all classes are kindly dismiss'd
 Then where is the flesh with its doleful objections?
 the sorrows of nature we need not condole:
 For what is most crossing to nat'ral affection,
 we know from exper'ence, is best for the soul.
6. 'Tis not by great numbers the truth is protected—
 the gospel on earth can be kept by a few;
 Yet all good Believers feel closely connected,
 in whatever changes they have to go through;

Then if there are sorrows on earth to be vented,
 our tenderest feelings may cordially flow,
 Forsouls in the flesh who are so well contented,
 and out of old nature are moving so slow.

6. While here in the body we're pilgrims and strangers,
 and suff'rings convince us that we are abroad;
 Then let us be faithful, and press through all dangers,
 to gain that pure city whose builder is God:
 In faith and good works let us not be obstructed,
 but still our obedience and union maintain,
 And home to our Parents we'll all be conducted,
 when we have completed the present campaign.

XVII. *Elderess Tincy's Funeral-Hymn.*

IN Good Eld'ress Tincy we truly must say
 The gospel has had a most precious display
 A vessel of honor she ever has been
 Fill'd with a pure treasure to mortals unseen

Thro' love to the gospel and for its increase,
 She left her own country & came to this place;
 And thro her example which was without stain.
 We are the partakers of infinite gain

3. The precious good council that flow'd from her tongue,
 Has left a sure witness in old and in young;
 And lastly the suff'rings that she did sustain
 Have left us no shadow of cause to complain.

4; Now when we consider her motherly care
 How much she did suffer how much she did bear.
 How thankful—how thankful we always must be!
 That good Eld'ress Tincy we ever did see.

5 To part with her body may seem a great loss.
 But let us be faithful and cleave to the cross.
 And then her good spirit will always be near.
 To those who are faithful & do persevere.

XIII *.An ELEGY to the memory of Elderess Tincy.*

O is Hortency really out of sight?
 O radiant star of unclouded light!

Left, for a few revolving years, behind,
 We bear her precious image on our mind.
 To future times the fair example tell.
 Of one who liv'd, of one who di'd so well.
 Pay the last office of unfeigned love.
 While saints embrace our happier friend above.

2, O thou who didst in these Millennial days,
 This worthy Eld'ress for thy glory raise
 My heart with pure and fervent zeal inspire,
 And touch my mind with the celestial fire,
 That while Hortency's virtues I record,
 Sinners may see and magnify the Lord,
 Bow to the saving name and thankful own,
 The glory due, is due to God alone.

3, In early life she found the living way,
 And did maintain her cause from day to day,
 The narrow path with watchful steps she trod,
 A virgin follower of the Lamb of God,
 Mild in her manners with a soul sincere,
 Hortency mov'd like Mother in her sphere,
 The world with all its honors set at naught,
 A living witness of the truth she taught,

4, With pitying eyes she saw the suff'ring poor,
 Nor need they pass or long wait at the door,
 In doing good exerted every power,
 Nor idle spent one solitary hour,
 True to her trust, in her devotions warm,
 Calm and serene, amidst temptation's storm,
 A life she liv'd devoted to her God,
 and bow'd submissive to his chast'ning rod,

7 She view'd without one symptom of dismay,
 Death's icy hand nor did her soul delay,
 She laid her earthly tabernacle down,
 And thus prepar'd for an immortal crown;
 Hortency knew in whom she had believ'd,
 For God had never mortal man deceiv'd,
 The work she finish'd which she had to do,
 When lo! she bids attendant friends adieu.

9, Farewell Hortency for a little space!
 Till we in patience run the Christian race,
 With upright zeal the heavenly prize obtain,
 and meet our dear departed friend again,
 Present our love to the redeemed choir,
 And tell them that we ardently desire'
 To gain triumphant the immortal shore,
 And reign with the redeem'd forever more,

XVIII, *Memorial of Elder Brother Samuel.*

A faithful cross-bearer is now gone to rest,
 Whose faith in the gospel has long stood the test—
 A stay to the aged, a guide to the youth—
 A living example of virtue and truth.

2, In times of affliction he patiently stood,
 And watch'd for the way-marks, and still kept the road;
 His faith was unshaken, and that to the last,
 And felt well resigned when his lot was cast.

3. With thankful expressions his friends he address'd,
 And felt interested that all might be blest;
 His counsel was precious, in the dying hour—
 His mind was composed, his words full of pow'r.

4. To lay up a treasure his zeal had been great—
 His hands had been busy both early and late;
 Thro' trials and suff'rings, he patiently bore,
 And calmly departed from this mortal shore.

5. O brethren and sisters let us be so wise
 As now to take counsel and run for the prize.
 This state of probation so wisely improve,
 That we'll be prepared to meet the great move.

9. This world can afford us no permanent good;
 Its pleasures are dying, and not living food;
 Then let us look forward, and chuse the safe side,
 That we may find comfort that's sure to abide.

SAMUEL ROLLINS was the first who was nominated Elder Brother of the Center family; he received the gospel among the first in this country; he deceased Aug. 27 1827 aged 47. having survived Father David 2 years. and 2 months.

A Hymn composed by Eunice Wythe, on receiving Mother Lucy's love, which she had left to be given out, by one of the sisters after her decease.

HOW I prize my lovely treasure,
sent from Zion's spotless dove!

Now I realize, with pleasure,
precious Mother Lucy's love.

Heiress of the heav'nly graces—
glorifi'd with Christ above—

Join'd in Mother Ann's embraces
cloth'd with beauty and with love.

2. "Come thou blessed of my Father,
(saith the well-beloved Son,)

Take the crown for you prepared,—
take the kingdom thou hast won."

Heaven opens wide her portals,
to receive the happy guest;

Now she wears a crown immortal,
with the first-born heirs of rest.

3. Mother's chaste and holy spirit
sits upon the Father's throne,

Life eternal to inherit,
that her virtuous life has won.

Well-done good and faithful Mother!
now receive thy just reward,

In the kingdom with thy Savior,
reap the glory with thy Lord,

4. Now thy children rise and bless thee;
unborn millions will thee praise;

With loud anthems they'll address thee,
and their thankful voices raise;

While they imitate thy virtues—
while thy goodness they extol,

They will bless the name of Mother
who prepar'd a way for all.

5. Zion's fortress thou hast strengthen'd,
and her walls hast fortifi'd

XX. (94)

Ev'ry cord thy hand hath lengthen'd
and adorn'd her like a bride:
Thou hast beautifi'd her towers—
thou hast set her gates with pearl—
Thou hast given strength and power,
ev'ry banner to unfurl.

6. Beauty shines within her borders,
where thy holy feet have trod;
Truth and justice, peace and order,
in the pow'r and gift of God.
Lord, let Mother's love be graven
on the tables of our hearts—
Seal us with the band of union;
never let thy love depart.

XX *To the memory of John Dennis sen.*

Our faithful aged brother John,
From earthly labors now is gone;
With many years he has been blest,
And is maturely gone to rest.

2. What terms, expressive shall we find
To speak, at once, the public mind?
A brother own'd and lov'd so dear,
By all Believers far and near.

3. It, now the five and twentieth year,
Since he embrac'd the gospel here,
And from the first, we all must say,
His faith he firmly did obey.

4. From year to year he mov'd along,
And kept his faith and union strong,
And in a meek unerring line,
He daily spent his useful time..

5. when time had lengthen'd out his days,
And fill'd his cup with worthy praise,
He then had come to proper age,
And gently passed off the stage.

6. Farewell dear brother thou hast won
The precious prize for which you ran;
And when our work on earth is through.
We then will have to follow you.

XXI. (95) *Jethro's Funeral.*

Ye blooming youth, come venture nigh,
And learn that you were born to die;
Let nature stop its vain career,
And drop, at least, one solemn tear.

2. Come view this cold & lifeless frame,
Stript of its nature and its name;
Whose sad remains can only tell
Where Jethro Dennis us'd to dwell.

3. Jethro is gone! he is not here,
Nor to our senses can appear,
But still we know, by certain signs,
That in the truth he lives and shines.

4. The way of God he did embrace,
And early started in the race—
Forsook the world, when in his prime,
And to the Church gave all his time.

5. The snares of youth he passed by,
And all its charms he did deny,
And gently fill'd his lot and place,
Among the peaceful heirs of grace.

6. When call'd to lead the public song,
His zeal was warm, his voice was strong,
And where's the youth will fill his place
And wear his mantle with increase?

7. When in the grave his relics lie,
His gifts and talents will not die;
And while his work with ours is one,
We need not care where he is gone.

8. Let us be called here or there,
The cross of Christ we have to bear,
And while his footsteps we pursue,
We disregard what death can do.

XXII. *Patsey's decease, March 31, 1813.*

What is this body here or there?
It is the seat of toil and care,
And when our work in it is wrought,
We'll put it by as good for nought.

2. Fevers and pains, from day to day,
Besieg'd poor Patsey's house of clay,
Till, under death's decisive blow,
The wheels of nature ceas'd to go.

3. Her reason sound, her spirit strong—
She justly talk'd of living long,
And her last breath just serv'd to tell,
That still she liv'd, and all was well.

4. Releas'd from her corporeal frame—
Her mental pow'rs are still the same:
And to her place she's gently led,
Nor once perceives that she is dead.

5. Tho with our eyes we cannot view,
Where such are gone, nor what they do,
Yet happy they who still survive,
If they can feel as much alive.

Conclusion of the Second part.

Come heav'nly love, and fill my soul,
All selfishness in me control;
O cut me loose, from bondage free;
Prepare me for eternity;
In graceful circles guard me home—
My loving Parents bid me come—
Come follow on in union dress'd,
Our souls shall land in heav'nly rest.

2. Now with this rich reward in view,
My Father's footsteps I'll pursue;
My prayers to Mother shall ascend.
To guard me safely to the end.
O cleanse me from all crooked ways,
That I in peace may spend my days,
With those who love the gifts of God,
And keep this lovely narrow road,

PART III.

N. B. *In consequence of the decease of so many of the first Ministers & Elders, and the trials that ensued, several hymns and poems came forth, which we think of some importance in preserving a true memorial of the times. We grant that during Father's dispensation, it was pretty warm times for the flesh, but not such as to require any real change, or by any means, to justify the conspiracy that was got up against the spirit of government as a DRAGON-SPIRIT, & to supplant all order, by a feigned humility, and a pretended correspondence with angels. To check that wild & libertine sense, & support the order and gift of God, poems, such as the following, were frequently added to the wholesome lectures which, from time to time were delivered on the subject.*

POEM I. *A spirit of Tyranny Disavow'd.*

I AM a cross-bearer, my service is free—
No Drag-on nor Drive-on does influence me;—
I was in my senses,—I was wide awake,
When world, flesh, and devil I chose to forsake.
Without any draging, I went to the priest,
And there made my off'ring, and there was releas'd,
Then took up my cross, and from that blessed day,
My teachers' good counsel I meant to obey.

2. I view'd all the system with caution and care,
And saw that no tyrant, nor drag-on was there;
And tho' mortifying, I always felt free
To take the position assigned to me.
I keep in my order, and follow my lead,
And truly for no greater freedom I plead.
Now will you believe me? I'm really sincere,
I am not drag'd on, I'm a true volunteer.

3. I've staked my honor, with heart and with hand;
that I'll never flinch from the word of command;
I'll follow no traitor whoever he be:
Drag on who he will, he shall never drag me.
In Mother's pure gospel my soul is alive,—
I want no usurper to drag or to drive;
I keep within hearing of my Mother's voice,
And in her pure footsteps I follow of choice.

II. *Trying times.*

What pains and afflictions, and doleful predictions,
 good honest Believers have often to meet,
 When soul-trying fevers come on the deceivers,
 and false-hearted hypocrites sound the retreat;
 Their trumpets a blowing "we're all now a going"
 is soul-cheering music if well understood;
 'Tis truly prophetic, that there's an emetic,
 that's purging the evil away from the good.

2, If order be slighted, we can't be united;
 for those who are honest their faith will obey,
 While such as do cavil, will cease from their travel,
 declare independence, and go their own way.
 Such gospel-despisers, and vile mutinizers,
 while held in relation, bring nothing but loss;
 A fair separation is certain salvation
 to all who will patiently stick to the cross.

3- Then gracious kind heaven, let all the old leaven
 of envy and malice be purged away;
 Let the discontented be so well cemented,
 that no unbeliever among us may stay.
 Let true gospel-merit, and union of spirit
 resume their just claim to this hallowed ground,
 The wicked to sever,—then louder than ever,
 the pure silver trump of the gospel will sound.

Stability.

My soul feels determin'd forever to stand
 Upon the foundation in this western land;
 And if I am faithful, and harbor no foe,
 Then Mother's good spirit will bless me I know.

5. Yea, I will be little, obedient and kind,
 And this will bring strength to both body and mind
 And now to the spirit forever I'll sow,
 Then Mother's good spirit will bless me I know.

3. O brethren and sisters the prize is in view!
 Where heavenly blessings descend like the dew,
 Where peace, love and union eternally flow,
 And Mother's good spirit to bless us we know.

With pow'r and authority God does command,
and truly we're bound to obey;

But satan will work with a sly under-hand,
to lead us the contrary way.

He comes in the form of an angel of light,
as tho he were sent from above;

But never once tell us to do what is right,
in simple obedience and love.

2. In dreams or in visions great things he'll unfold,
to sink or to puff up the mind,

And while his vain shadows we're trying to hold,
we leave the true substance behind.

Ye children of Zion 'tis time to awake,
for devils are come in disguise;

And ev'ry foundation they'll certainly shake,
that stands upon falsehood and lies.

3. Those things that are distant, mysterious, or great
had better be kept out of view,

And for future glories in patience to wait,
and our present duty pursue.

The word of salvation, in this latter day,
is given our souls to redeem:

Then let him be curs'd who would turn us away,
To some other fanciful scheme.

4. The line of subjection that flows from the head,
so long as we truly maintain:

By spirits of falsehood we cannot be led,
to share in their torment and pain:

Then O ye deceivers come on with your host!
we spurn at your works of the fall,

And truly the viet'ry you never shall boast,
until you have conquer'd us all.

5. While two are united in bearing their cross,
still keeping their consciences clean,

Their union and faith will uncover your loss,
and you will be pointedly seen.

In true gospel-union those souls that are strong,
the blessings of Zion shall share:—

Then go ye false-hearted to where you belong,
for you shall have nothing that's here.

V. *A Hymn of thanksgiving-*

O Zion raise thy cheerful voice!
 And in the pow'r of God rejoice:
 The living Church may loudly sing—
 "God is my Savior and my king.
 My foes are num,rous, strong and great,
 but thankfully I can relate,—
 In all the suff'rings I've been through,
 the Lord has help'd me hitherto.

"When I was little, young and weak,
 the Jew, the Roman, and the Greek
 Did all unite, and took an oath,
 that they would stop my infant growth.
 They form'd their laws to hedge me in,
 and bind me up to live in sin;
 But tho my faith I did obey,
 the pow'r of God still clear'd my way.

3. Historians do but faintly trace
 the dreadful storms I had to face;
 But still my faith I did maintain,
 through ev'ry scene of tort'ring pain.
 T'was not the pow'r of flesh and blood
 that bore me thro' the dragon's flood;
 But I can say at ev'ry view,—
 The Lord has help'd me hitherto.

4 Tho human laws are now more just,
 yet while ambition, pride and lust
 Have the dominion over man,
 they'll overthrow me if they can.
 Their threats & reas'nings they employ
 to fright, to flatter, or decoy:
 But ev'ry evil to subdue,
 the Lord has help'd me hitherto.

5. False-hearted brethren full of spite,
 oft with the wicked world unite,
 And ev'ry artful scheme have tri'd
 to break, to scatter and divide.
 No human pow'r could bind their hands
 nor disconcert their subtil plans;

Yet to withstand all they could do,
the Lord has help'd me hitherto.

6. Again, the angry nation saith,
"Abandon your peace-making faith,
To honor's call you'll have to yield
and march into the hostile field"
What pow'r or wisdom could evade
those snares so deep and subtilly laid;
Yet ev'ry faithful soul can say,
the pow'r of God has clear'd the way.

7. In gospel union who could hold
so many minds of diff'rent mould?
Who can subdue his own self-will,
or his unruly passions still?
Yet love and union to increase,
and keep the sacred bond of peace,
And ev'ry spirit to subdue,
the Lord has help'd me hitherto:

8 The pow'r of God I'll loudly sing—
it is my life—my ev'ry thing:
And all his wond'rous works declare,
that Zion's his peculiar care.
Then on the Lord I'll humbly wait,
for he will help in ev'ry strait,
And all his counsels to obey,
his living pow'r will clear the way.

9 Their furious mobs and partial laws
cannot defeat Jehovah's cause;
His counsels he will bring to pass,
who nations perish like the grass—
The Lord of hosts is on my side,
and tho' I'm press'd and sorely tri'd;
I will not fear what man can do,
since God has help'd me hitherto.

10. Ye foes of Zion, one and all,
who have been waiting for her fall,
Send out your posts and let them run,
and publish what Jehovah's done;—
Go tell the nations far and near,
who from Mount-Zion wish to hear,
She has surviv'd the rage of hell,
and is alive and doing well.

We often are singing of union and love.
 And crowns which the righteous shall wear.
 But if we inherit the Kingdom above.
 The cross we must faithfully bear.
 Our mother no children will finally claim.
 But such as are honest and true,
 Whatever we say of her kindness & name.
 The work we must certainly do.

2. Ten thousand fine things we might hear & relate
 And talk of a heavenly prize.,
 Our hearts be reviv'd with the hopes of that state,
 Excelling the first paradise,
 But if we are slack in our duty and call,
 And do not our talents employ.
 We surely will stumble be captur'd & fall,
 And never those blessings enjoy,

3. And tho we claim kin with good spirits above,
 And sing of the Gospel's display.
 Tho we should talk highly of Mother's pure love,
 Which comforts her flock on the way,
 Yet if we are idle and selfish and high,
 And do not her counsel maintain,
 Then all our fair prospects will wither & die,
 And leave us in darkness and pain.

4. Then let us be faithful to fill up our lot,
 Neglecting no little good thing.
 Come let us be striving until we have got,
 The blessings of which we do sing;
 Then Mother Will own us with holy delight,
 And call us her children indeed,
 With all the sweet singers we then may unite,
 Who on the pure manna do feed.

5. Tis right to speak well of our parents & friends,
 And all who the truth have maintain'd.
 Thro 'whom the true riches of heaven descends,
 On heirs whom the gospel have gain'd,
 But let us remember and keep it in mind,
 And never forget it one day,
 That if true relation with them we would find,
 We have to walk in the same way.

VI. (101) *The False prophet.*

WHEN the ghost of some false prophet
 lights upon a human soul,
 And you cannot chase him off it,
 nor his influence control;
 War, you know, must be proclaimed;
 kill the prophet if you can—
 Let the blow at him be aimed,
 but take care, do'nt hurt the man.

2. Should the man be so enchanted,
 not to let the prophet go;
 That's a case to be lamented,
 for he'll surely get the blow;
 If he's so degenerated,
 that no wrong can be confess'd,
 Then he must be separated,
 and expelled with his guest.

3 Time, however, must be taken,
 matters proved ev'ry way;
 Tho the man has been mistaken,
 let the fellow have fair play.
 Thus the Lord will wisely sever
 ev'ry thing that is unsound,
 For an honest good Believer,
 can't be driven from the ground.

VII. A GOOD SOLDIER.

I love my captain, that I do!
 I love my fellow soldiers too:
 The service I am call'd into
 Just suits my inclination,
 Full liberty of soul to gain,
 From satan and his hellish train,
 And with the saints to live and reign,
 possessing full salvation.

2. A sneaking coward I abhor,
 Who knows not what he's fighting for,
 And would be glad to end the war,
 and save his carnal nature:
 And still I hate a rebel worse,
 who disobeys without remorse;
 But who would not agree to curse
 a vile deceitful traitor.

§ With such I never will unite—
 I'll do my duty with delight—
 With fellow soldiers I'll not fight—
 my lead I will not slander;
 All due respect I mean to show,
 To ev'ry class both high and low—
 But double honor's due you know,
 unto the chief commander.

WARNING.

THUS Mother says ye chosen few.
 That's call'd to keep my word.
 There is a work for you to do
 Let each gird on the sword.
 On Zion's mount I long have stood,
 To view this chosen spot.
 I've seen the evil and the good.
 That claims in me a lot.

2. I've waited long and been in pain.
 To see how some are bound.
 To feel in them the serpents bane
 So cover'd and so sound.
 In charity and tenderuess,
 I've waited at the door.
 And taught to them my righteousness.
 That would the soul restore.

§ My righteous laws & orders too
 I've given them to keep.
 Now I'm determin'd they shall know.
 That as they sow they reap.
 A separation must be made
 Between the foul and clean.
 For at the root the ax is laid.
 To purge the soul from sin.

4. Lust and affection is the cord.
 By which the soul is bound.
 And burning truth that flaming sword,
 Is what will clear the ground
 Now faithful souls that's kept my word.
 And trusted in my name
 A crown of life is your reward.
 In peace and glory reign.

May I my precious time improve,
 that I may gain a treasure;
 O may I cherish peace and love,
 and serve the Lord with pleasure;
 Then I shall win a glorious crown
 of righteousness and beauty.
 Tho' this to me be all set down,
 I've only done my duty,

XI. HAPPY CHANGE.

HOW happy that immortal mind,
 who rests beneath Jehovah's wings,
 Who sweet employment there can find,
 without the help of earthly things.

2. The world around may rage and fight
 and lay in dust their highest thrones.

But nothing can that soul affright,
 who lives for God and him alone.

3. When such shall lay their bodies by,
 and from their manual labor cease,
 They'll find a band of angels nigh,
 to guard them safe to realms of peace

4. They'll wing their way to mansions fair
 where Christ their Lord in glory reigns;
 Meet hosts of shining spirits there,
 beyond the reach of mortal pains.

5. O may I know and prize my day:
 my span of time how swift it rolls!
 I soon must quit this mortal clay,
 and then explore the land of souls.

**X WELCOME, to the W. Union
 Believers in the year 1827**

COME Mount-Zion's lovely children!
 Come and welcome to these plains!
 Welcome to each spread pavilion!
 Rest from all your toil and pains.
 We do feel a tender spirit
 To our kindred from the west.
 And their tried faith does merit
 Love and union of the best.

2. Many tedious years you've passed
 Under tribulation bent—
 Truly you have been harassed,
 And your spirits often rent.
 Thankfully we hail the hour,
 That you safely did arrive,
 Joyfully we praise the power
 That's preserv'd you all alive—

3. Welcome—in all temp'ral blessings
 Equally with us to share.
 Welcome—'tis your own possessions—
 Mother makes you equal heirs.
 Come, then, let us be united,
 As the heart and soul of one;
 To one gospel we're invited,
 And one race we have to run—

4. We have all a fellow feeling,
 And your sufferings realize;
 If the head or hand be ailing,
 Ev'ry part must sympathize.
 Thus good friends, in social union,
 We'll forget the mournful key—
 Join all in one strong communion,
 And good times we yet shall see.

5. Blessed brethren! Blessed sisters!
 We are pleas'd to see you here,
 And we wish you heaven's comfort,
 For your souls to us are near.
 Let distinctions hence forever,
 Names and parties distant be—
 Let us all be kind and clever—
 Members of one family.

6. Come let us be joint partakers,
 In the trials that we meet—
 Blessed friends, we love such Shakers!
 Who have borne the burning heat.
 Welcome to this land of freedom—
 Welcome to a rich reward—
 Welcome to our Mother's kingdom—
 You are welcome, saith the Lord.

107 The Happy soul

HAPPY are those who truly keep,
The gospel in its purity,
A bounteous harvest they will reap,
Their souls will satisfied be,
Who keep their understanding bright,
Their mental eyesight strong and clear
Their spirits will be clothed in white,
In perfect love which casts out fear,

2 Whose sole desire is to know
Their duty and to walk therein
with cautious steps they ever go
To shun the paths of death and sin
These are the heavenly heirs of grace
Yea these will prosper, these are true
The second Adam's royal race
Regenerated— form'd anew

3 The youth arise and hail the day
And of their predecessors sing
Who boldly kept the narrow way,
Upheld by Zion's conquering King.
The generations yet to come
Will bless the memory of their name,
Yea enter in and fill their room,
And be partakers of the same.

4 The glory none can ever tell,
That's for the righteous seed prepar'd
In brightest mansions they will dwell—
Celestial and divinely rear'd
Yea, as the sun will ever shine,
And glittering stars forevermore;
On holy harps with songs divine,
The God of endless life adore.

XIV The only way.

Obedience is the only way;
Obedience never leads astray;
Though troubles like a torrent roll;
Obedience will protect the soul,

5 For one I have no other plan,
By which I do expect to stand,
Thou just obeying Mothers voice,
And this to do of hearty choice,

3 That teaches me to leave behind,
 A spirit that's unjust unkind,
 To others all my acts must be,
 As I would have them do to me,

4. She teaches me to travel low,
 A fellow feeling always show,
 That we may thus united stand,
 With Mother's just and honest band.

5 This will promote equality
 And more and more alike we'll be,
 Have uniform in all our fare,
 without and in a likeness bear,

Then Mother's love will flow all through,
 In every thing we're call'd to do;
 Our souls will always thankful be,
 To Mother and the Ministry.

XV Good News. (March 13, 1825)

We have now had a feast
 Of good news from the East,
 How shall we the blessing improve?
 This—this is the sum—
 Down—Down we must come,
 Into more solid union and love—

2. Why do we not read
 How they rev'rence their lead?
 And what blessings they get in this way;
 If we, then, wish to share
 In the good that is there,
 Their example we have to obey—

3. But if any contest
 With their lead in the West,
 They must meet with a consummate fall;
 If they do not at least
 Keep an eye to the East,
 And respect the foundation of all.

4. This foundation stone
 We forever will own,
 By respecting the order we're in;
 And our thanks shall abound,
 That we ever have found
 Such a solid protection from sin.

XVI *Do or die.*

1. COME loving brethren, and kind sisters too!
 Let's mingle our feelings, and sing praises due,
 To heaven's anointed, who firmly do stand,
 And keep the pure gospel in this western land.
 O, blessed be Mother, who nurs'd us when young!
 Blest be our good Elders who help'd us along;
 And by their kind labors by day and by night,
 Have led us from darkness, in paths of pure light,

2. When death and confusion inclos'd us around,
 They soon broke the fetter by which we were bound; }
 The veil of the flesh into pieces they rent,
 And taught us in plainness we had to repent:
 We oft felt the weight of their chastening rod,
 Which quicken'd our spirits to sense more of God;
 And then with their tender compassionate love,
 They fed and refresh'd us with food from above.

3. Of heavenly manna this was a foretaste:
 But blessings thus given will not always last;
 And now to the truth of their words we reply,
 Each soul has to work, or else perish and die
 Then children do let us while here they sojourn,
 Be faithful the way of salvation to learn;
 Be little and simple, submissive and good,
 More zealous to labor for spiritual food,

4. For this is our day—we have heard the last call,
 And if we reject it were gone once for all;
 But this we're determin'd shall not be the way,—
 We'll keep Mother's gospel through eternal day.
 Henceforth and forever we'll honor bestow
 To our precious parents whose goodness we know:
 Their wisdom and virtuous lives we'll adore,
 And walk in their steps when we see them no more.

Now's the time to travel on—Now's the time to labor,
 Now's the time for every one to be a good Believer.
 Don't be dry—don't be dry—Now's the time to gather—
 Come and drink! Come and drink, drink and live forever.

PVII

Spring-season.

LO! lo, the summer is near, for the flowers appear,
the verdure of plants is increasing;
And the beautiful field is preparing to yield
a harvest to be without ceasing.

2. The fruit of the trees calculated to please,
with all that is rich and inviting,
Will ripen e'er long, for the flowers are strong,
the prospect is truly delighting.

3. When our spirits get free as the flowers we see,
we'll flourish and grow in our duty;
And the dews from above will bring odors of love,
affording rich prospects of beauty.

4. The growth will go on by the rays of the sun,
till all is brought forth to perfection;
The fruits will be chaste, and all sweet to the taste,
that grow in the field of protection.

XVIII. *The Messiah.*

O SING all ye living, with joy and thanksgiving!
We know of a truth the Messiah is here:
The Father's appointed whom he hath anointed,
With love that is perfect and casteth out fear.

2. We are not mistaken, tho nations are shaken;
Tho cities and kingdoms do totter and fall;
The house we are forming will bear all the storming;
We stand on the rock yea and rear up the wall.

3. We're up and a doing, our bus'ness pursuing,
To clear all the trash and the rubbish away,
We mind not the clatter, we know what's the matter
With those who do not the pure gospel obey.

4. Through mortification and humiliation,
The footsteps of the great Messiah pursue;
Christ in blessed Mother, we look for no other—
We feel and are certain her gospel is true.

5. In this New creation, we find a relation
More precious and nearer than all fleshly kin;
We here do inherit that loving kind spirit,
Which gives us the vict'ry o'er death, hell and sin,

XXII A Covenant-Hymn, dated U. V, Sep. 18, 1813

This hymn was publicly used in the Church, both at Union Village and Pleasant Hill, so that no room was left for any to say that the covenant was not well understood.

COME ye souls that are sincere, the gospel to pursue
 Now your faith you may declare, & what you mean to do
 Are you pleas'd with what is done,
 To introduce Emanuel's reign?
 Yea I am, and each for one, may freely say—Amen.

2. Can you in this work rejoice, because it saves from sin?
 Was it your delib'rate choice that freely bro't you in?
 Is it your good faith alone
 That holds you like a golden chain?
 Yea it is, and each for one, may freely say,—Amen.

3. Does the cov'nant you have sign'd a right'ous thing
 Is it your unwav'ring mind, in it to persevere? (appear?
 In its bonds however tight
 Are you determin'd to remain?
 Yea I am.—Then we'll unite and jointly say—Amen.

4. You have promis'd and agreed, a daily cross to bear,
 And obey your gospel lead, with faithfulness and care
 Do you think it just and fit,
 A due subjection to maintain?
 That's my faith, and I'll submit—and all may say, Amen

5. You have parents in the Lord, you honor and esteem
 But your equals to regard, a greater cross may seem.
 Where the gift of God you see,
 Can you consent that it should reign?
 Yea I can, and all that's free may jointly say,—Amen.

6. Can you part with all you've got, & give up all concern,
 And be faithful in your lot, the way of God to learn?
 Can you sacrifice your ease,
 And take your share of toil and pain?
 Yea I can, and all that please, may freely say,—Amen.

7. Can you into union flow, and have your will subdu'd.
 Let your time & talents go, to serve the gen'ral good?
 Can you swallow such a pill—
 To count old Adam's loss your gain?
 Yea I can, and yea I will, and all may say, Amen.

8. Are you properly appris'd, that in this final call,
All that you have sacrific'd, is settled once for all?

Can you fix a final seal

To what you cov'nant and agree?

Yea I can and all who feel, may say, so let it be.

9. what shall then be done with those who by transgression
when they wickedly propose, their off'rings to recal (fall

Can you treat their high demands

As sacrilegious false and vain?

Yea I can with both my hands, and justice says, Amen.

10. I set out to bear my cross, and this I mean to do:
Let old Adam kick and toss, his days will be but few.

We're devoted to the Lord,

And from the flesh we will be free;

Then we'll say with one accord, Amen, so let it be.

XXIII. *Gospel-subjection.*

THIS Gospel-subjection, alas! says the flesh,
is something I did not foresee;

To part with my property kindred and cash,
was not half so galling to me.

I rather would be in a dungeon confin'd;
or gloriously burn at a stake;

Than give up the free exercise of my mind,
and all my own wisdom forsake.

2. Those gifts that releas'd me from trouble and care,
with cheerfulness I could obey:

And my daily cross I could cheerfully bear,
if I could but have my own way:

But I have been blindly led on by degrees,
and what have I now to expect?

They tell me, forsooth, I may do as I please,
provided I freely subject.

3. To think of rebellion appears of no use,
for up to the cross I am pin'd,

And all the objections that I can produce,
are treated as light as the wind.

If this is the gospel that I must obey,
I'm heartily sick of the plan,

I never can travel one step in this way—
let them travel in it that can.

4. Salvation to God, says the good honest soul,
 I joyfully hail the glad day,
 When all fleshly wisdom, dominion and rule
 must be taken out of the way;
 Now gospel-subjection is all my delight—
 in this I am happy and free,
 And Christ in my Elders I freely invite
 to take the dominion of me.

5. The order of God is my ultimate choice,
 and here I can safely repose;
 And in the good spirit I'll ever rejoice,
 through whatever member it flows—
 The will of the flesh I shall ever deny,
 in subordination be free,
 Until I can say that it is no more I,
 but Christ that is living in me.

XXIV. *The Comforter.*

WHAT heavenly comfort Jehovah's allotted,
 for those who will cheerfully bear a full cross;
 Enrob'd with salvation, a conscience unspotted,
 here's heavenly comfort devoid of remorse.
 They've comfort in sorrow, in weeping and sighing,
 they've comfort in singing and dancing and mirth
 They've comfort in living and comfort in dying,
 they've comfort in heaven, and comfort on earth

2. 'Tis heavenly comfort to follow our Savior;—
 there's heavenly comfort in doing his will:
 There's heavenly comfort in Christ's love and favor
 'tis comfort and blessing the foe to repel.
 'Tis heavenly comfort to imitate Mother;
 sweet comfort we find to be little and low
 'Tis heavenly comfort to love one another,—
 in union there's heavenly comfort we know.

3. There's comfort attached to deep tribulation,
 because the true comforter then will be nigh.
 There's heavenly comfort in regeneration,—
 to live in the spirit, and let the flesh die.
 With comfort we feast on the heavenly manna,
 tho some tribulation is mixed therein:
 With heavenly comfort we'll shout the Hosanna!
 when we are redeem'd from the nature of sin.

COME, let us be travelling on,
 without any further delay,
Where Mother's pure children are gone,
 who tarried not by the way;
The Bride and the Spirit say, **Come**,
 the waters of life are so free,
The blind and the deaf and the dumb
 may speak and may hear and may see.

2. **Come** down in the valley's the call—
 come down to inherit the prize;
My pride and my self and my all
 I freely do now sacrifice.
My crosses are not worth the name,
 compar'd to the glory I see;
In Mother's pure temple of fame,
 I feel there's a mansion for me.

2. **In** doing the things that I'm taught
 be simple obedient and kind
In deed and in word and in thought,
 redemption I'll certainly find..
My spirit is thankful I know,
 for all that has helped me down,
Since here in the valley below,
 the richest of treasures are found.

XXVI.

My robe is new, my crown is bright—
 I'm happy blest and free;
I feel as little as a mite, as lively as a bee,
I sip the honey from the flow'rs,
 that bloom in Zion's vale—
I smell the odor from her bow'rs,
 that floats upon the gale.

2. **There** is no empress on the globe,
 tho seated on a throne,
Can dress in such a costly robe,
 or wear so rich a crown.
You cannot think how pleas'd I be,
 with my beloved home;
A feast of love is made for me,
 like honey from the comb,

A SELECTION &c. PART IV.

Containing a variety of matter, in prose and poetry, on different subjects edifying only to good Believers.

LIBERTY!— “Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh; but by love serve one another.” **PAUL**

It is a great mistake, for any to suppose that they are contending for sacred *liberty*, when, in reality they are striving for their own wills. This some have done, even to the striving against the gift of God in their Elders, Instance the reply of Zimri to Moses, when he warned them against the intrigues of the Midianite women.

Moses very meekly observed, “that it was fit that they should think that to be true fortitude which offers not violence to their laws, but that which resists their lusts.”

“But Zimri arose up after him and said, “Yes, indeed, Moses, thou art at liberty to make use of such laws as thou art so fond of; and hast by accustoming thyself to them, made them firm. Otherwise, if things had not been thus, thou hadst often been punished before now, and hadst known that the Hebrews are not easily put upon. But thou shalt not have me one of thy followers in thy tyrannical commands; for thou dost nothing else hitherto but, under pretence of laws and of God, wickedly impose on us slavery, and gain dominion to thyself; while thou deprivest us of the sweetness of life which consists in acting according to our own wills, and is the right of freemen & of those that have no lord over them. Nay, indeed, this man is harder upon the Hebrews than were the Egyptians themselves; as pretending to punish according to his laws every one’s acting what is most agreeable to himself. But thou thyself better deservest to suffer punishment who presumest to abolish what every one acknowledges to be good for him: and aimest to make thy single opinion to have more force than that of all the rest: and what I now do and think to be right, I shall not hereafter deny to be according to my own sentiments. I have married, as thou sayst rightly, a strange woman; and thou hearest what I do from myself as from one that is free. for truly I did not intend to conceal myself. I also own that I sacrifice to those gods to

whom you do not think it fit to sacrifice, and I think right to come at truth by inquiring of many people, and not like one that lives under tyranny, to suffer the whole hope of my life to depend on one man. Nor shall any one find cause to rejoice who declares himself to have more authority over my actions than myself." *Josephus*.

From this ancient record, we plainly see, that the language of a reprobate spirit is the same in all ages of the world;—Opposition to government! under the plausible plea of liberty in search after truth: which (devil-like) they can never find.— The following just remarks are found in the well-known *Circular of 1829*.

“It is the duty of Believers to respect liberty of conscience in all:—The law of Christ can never bind the conscience of any soul: but if any Believer, under a plea of conscience, be inclined to swerve from that path of gospel-order and rectitude which was pointed out by the Son of God, and clearly opened by Mother Ann, and now clearly marked out by the unerring principles of her gospel, he ought first to examine himself, honestly, and see from whence this conscientious difference of faith & feeling arises, whether it really came through faithful obedience to the genuine principles of the gospel, and in consequence of honestly taking up a full cross against all sin and every kind of evil.

When this examination is truly and sincerely made, and the professed Believer still pleads a conscientious difference of faith, and really believes he can be justified before God in violating those important principles, which we feel bound to keep uncorrupted and unmarred it then becomes his duty to withdraw, peaceably, from the society, and gather his union with a more righteous and godly people if he can find them; and he will thereby manifest to the world the purity of his motives, and the honesty and sincerity of his religion.

To us it is certain, that in Christ there is but one Lord one faith and one baptism—one body and one bread: therefore, if Christ has appeared the second time, to gather all souls into one, there can be but one faith, one body, and one union; consequently difference of faith and sentiments must separate souls from the union of
 at one body”

XXVII. (119) The Steamboat.

WHILE our steam boat *Self-denial*,
rushes up against the stream:

Is it not a serious trial
of the pow'r of gospel steam?

When *Self-will*, and *Carnal-pleasure*,
and *Freethinker* all afloat,
Come down snorting with such pressure,
right against our little boat.

2. Were there not some carnal creatures
mixed with the pure and clean,
When we meet those gospel-haters,
we might pass and not be seen;
But the smell of kindred senses
brings them on us fair broadside,
Then the grappling work commences;
they must have a fair divide.

3. All who chuse the tide of nature,
freely take the downward way;
But the doubtful hesitater
dare not go, yet hates to stay.
To the flesh still claiming kindred,
and their faith still hanging to—
Thus we're held and basely hinder'd,
by a doubleminded few.

4. Wretched souls while hesitating
where to fix your final claim;
Don't you see our boiler heating,
with a more effectual flame!—
When the steam comes on like thunder,
and the wheels begin to play,
Must you not be torn asunder,
and swept off the downward way?

5. Tho *Selfwill* and *Carnal-Reason*,
Independence, *Lust* and *Pride*,
May retard us for a season,
saint and sinner must divide;
When releas'd from useless lumber—
when the fleshly crew is gone,
With our little faithful number,
O how swiftly we'll move on.

Was it not a curious plan, that Absalom invented,
To get to be a mighty man, among the discontented,
See the artful villain start, as humble as a waiter,
If possible to steal the heart of ev'ry simple creature.

2. Controversy and dispute, discord and dissension,
Always did his purpose suit, & took his whole attention.
He must talk with all that pass—hear their partial story,
And determine ev'ry case, without judge or jury.

3. Your just cause I understand, and pity you sincerely,
For by the judges of the land you ll not be treated fairly.
These proud gentlemen, I know, will impose upon you,
If like me they wo'd keep low, justice wo'd be done you.

4. I can meet you with a kiss—See my humble station!
Tho it would not be amiss, for me to rule the nation.
Now cleave to me a humble man, & shake off ev'ry fetter
Make me judge in all the land, & times will soon be better.

5 Times indeed were bad enuf, while the artful villain,
With his vile seditious stuff, the people's minds was filling
His wishing all both great & small, to stand upon a level,
And all his show of being low, was clearly of the devil.

6. Tho he did a while succeed, contrary to all reason,
Among all fools to get the lead, & reign'd a little season;
Yet when he had play'd out his game, against the Lord's
The company were put to shame, (anoined,
And came out disappointed.

A beautiful little Anthem

I'm a free volunteer, and I've listed under the banner
of Christ—and I'm no more a slave unto sin, and I'm no
more a slave unto sin. And I will not retreat. and I
will not retreat—for I'm no more a slave unto sin.

Liberty is truly glorious, that is gained by the cross;
All at last will prove victorious, who have overcome
We will then go on rejoicing, (their loss.
Serving God with all our might, Keeping daily in our
This we surely know is right. (duty,

When from Egypt first we fled—

By the fiery pillar led—

Then the faithful soul could say—

Come, on brethren, here's the way!

2. While the gath'ring crouds unite,

In the new and glorious light;

Thousands then could boldly say—

O, ye sinners, here's the way.

3. Through the wilderness we steer'd,

And while the New Light appear'd,

In all dangers we could say—

Come on brethren here's the way.

4. Still that course we lov'd the most,

Which led us off from Pharaoh's coast;

Where 'twould end no one could say,

But still the cry was here's the way.

5. The solemn camp still moves along,

With the shout and joyful song,

All might preach, exhort or pray—

The common sound was Here's the way.

6. When the Church sent out her spies,

Tho they met us in disguise,

By their looks they seem'd to say

Come on brethren, here's the way.

7. Soon the solemn call begins—

You must all confess your sins,—

All that prov'd it soon could say—

Come on brethren, here's the way.

8. Now Believer, now you must

Bear your cross against your lust:

Hallelujah many say— Come on &c.

9. From these two essential things,

O what consolation springs!

Now be faithful & you may, ever cry loud

10. Now you may dismiss all fear—

Travel on in full career,

Hate the flesh, and ever say

Hallelujah here's the way.

XXVIII A Dialogue, Little-faith and Go-ahead

L. What think you of the gospel, reveal'd thro' Mother

G. I think that for salvation it is the only plan. (Ann?)

L. But how does mother's gospel redeem us from our loss?

G. By teaching us repentance and taking up our cross.

L. Do you believe, for certain, that after Mother's day,
Her gospel was supported and did not fall away?

G. That it has been supported, there can be no dispute,
As all its lively branches, show clearly by their fruit.

L. By Mother's ministrations 'tis confidently said,
That mighty signs & wonders were frequently display'd,
Have not those wonders ceased, of which we often read,
And left us in subjection, to an inferior lead.

G. The pow'r of God, 'tis certain, in many ways appear'd
Directing to the substance for which the faithful steer'd
But in our further travel, the work is turned in,
To gain good good gospel-order, and make an end of sin.

L. But pray, is it consistent with Mother's tender love,
To have a set of elders, disorders to reprove? (knees,
Were not good Mother's children all dandled on her
And graciously permitted to do just as they please?

G. Is that the dispensation in which you wish to stay—
To be indulg'd and dandled, and follow your own way!
The leading gift of mother (tho you may think it strange)
As we pass out of childhood, undoubtedly must change.

The Father gives the orders as fast as we can bear—
And to the Elder brother commits the special care,
And if he should chastise us, to Father we may cry,
But bastards will not stand it, they'll either fight or fly.

L. I did not understand it, but I begin to see—
That only in obedience good children can be free;
But why does not the Father the chastisement put on!

G. Do you not know all judgment is given to the Son?

L. My hearty approbation to all that you have said!
Success to the foundation, that is in Zion laid!

I see my gospel-travel in infancy began;
But I must now be moving, and strive to be a man.

When a work of God commences,
men nor devils can't deceive
Those who exercise their senses,
and the Scriptures do believe;
God is light, and therefore never
leaves his people in the dark;
Truth and goodness will not suffer
honest souls to miss the mark.

2. When we see a plain prediction,
and the matter's brought about,
This produces full conviction—
puts the fact beyond a doubt;
Thus the gospel sign was given,
through the blessed Son of man—
Thus the substance has arriv'n,
and deny it if you can.

3. Come ye men of sense and candor
read your bibles and you'll say,
Not in pomp and worldly grandeur,
Christ should come in latter day.
Riches he has never claimed,
nor the laurels of renown;
Nor was pleasure ever named,
as a jewel of his crown.

4. In that spirit he remaineth,
which at first he did display:
In his saints that spirit reigneth,
tho the heavens pass away.
Find a people meek and lowly—
righteousness their daily fruit,
Who are peaceful, pure and holy,
there is Christ, beyond dispute.

5. What can mean that fiery trial,
which the Scriptures bring to view,
But that life of self-denial,
now practised by a few.
Of the root of sin convicted,
the old man they crucify
Here's a work that God predicted,
and the fact you can't deny.

6. In the vale of Hadadrimmon,
 the good prophet did assert,
 Poor polluted men and women,
 for their sins should mourn apart;
 Tho' this painful separation,
 may excite the hue and cry,
 Here's the sign of of full salvation,
 and the fact you can't deny.

7. When we see all that is carnal—
 all that men call good and great,
 Given up for things eternal,—
 matters of a future state:
 If he's not a true Believer,
 who makes such a sacrifice,
 Then was Christ a grand deceiver,
 and his doctrine pointed lies.

8, But in this last dispensation,
 when all evil we forsake,
 Here begins a new creation,
 where there can be no mistake:
 Just to do as Christ commanded,
 is the sure and certain plan;
 Here's a sign by which the candid
 must acknowledge Mother Ann.

XXX. *The first verse of the Christmas hymn on the next page is here inserted, it having been accidentally overlooked in its proper place.* ↪

Brethren—The fourth of July is of great estimation,
 a day of thanksgiving, a national feast;
 To bring to remembrance the time that our nation
 was first from European bondage releas'd
 But how much more noble the commemoration
 of the independence and rights of the soul,
 When Jesus was born the first heir of salvation,
 and angels erected the liberty pole.

Sisters. Americans boast &c.

A DIALOGUE. I. B. W-V.

- Why did you chuse this way you're in, which all mankind despise?
- A. It was to save my soul from sin, and gain a heav'nly prize,
2. But could you find no other way, that would have done as well?
- A. Nay, any other way but this would lead me down to hell.
3. Well, tell me how did you begin to purge away your dress?
- A. By honestly confessing sin, and taking up my cross.
4. Was it before the Son of man you brought your deeds to light?
- A. That was the mortifying plan, and surely it was right.
5. But did you not keep something back, or did you tell the whole?
- A. I told it all however black, I fully freed my soul.
6. Do you expect to persevere, and ev'ry evil shun?
- A. My daily cross I mean to bear, until the work is done
7. Well is it now your full intent, all damage to restore?
- A. If any man I've wrong'd a cent I'll freely give him four.
8. And what is now the greatest foe with which you mean to war?
- A. The cursed flesh—'tis that you know, all faithful souls abhor.
9. Have you none of its sly deceit, now lurking in your breast?
- A. I say there's nothing on my mind but what I have confess'd.
10. Well, what you have proclaim'd abroad, if by your works you show,
You are prepar'd to worship God, so, at, it, you, may, go.

II. A Christmas-Colloquy.

Sisters.—Americans boast of their high independence,
and what a great victory their forefathers won:
But still we perceive that their wretched descendants
are press'd and enslav'd, after all that's been done:
Just so the appearance of Jesus the Savior
is trump'd through the earth with a wonderful din,
While most manifest by their daily behavior,
that yet they're in slavery and bondage to sin.

Br. While men persevere in the practice of sinning,
their boast of a savior is empty and void;
But salvation work was to have a beginning,
before the great body of sin is destroy'd;
The Bethlehem babe, tho of no reputation,
in him the great work of redemption began
By bearing his cross against ev'ry temptation,
until he grew up to an innocent man.

S. If he was the first who was truly redeemed,
why did not the work of redemption go on?
For all after ages were sinners it seemed,
and worship'd the beast as predicted by John:

What use was it then that a ruler was given,
 if in his great name the old serpent could reign?
 And what is the use of a highway to heaven,
 while men in their beastly corruptions remain?

B. A pattern of virtue's of great estimation,
 altho for a time under foot it be trod;

So Christ, by his upright and good conversation,
 has shown us the way we must travel to God.

Nor was his example by all disregarded—

his innocent footsteps were follow'd by some,
 Who for their obedience were richly rewarded,
 and got a foretaste of the glory to come.

S. A taste of good food in a state of starvation,
 makes hunger more painful and tedious to bear;

So foretastes of freedom increas'd the vexation
 of those who had still the old shackles to wear.

Their orthodox faith and their excellent wishes,
 a very small taste of deliverance brings,

But Mother brings forward the plentiful dishes,
 and now we are call'd to the feast of fat things.

B. The oxen and fatlings had first to be killed,
 or no good provision could Mother bring on;

So both man and woman their part have fulfilled,
 and in this last feast are united in one.

In this latter day when the Lamb is espoused,
 and robes of salvation the virgins adorn;

'Tis right that our souls should, in union, be roused,
 to honor the day when on earth he was born.

B. & S. Amen, we are one in a gospel relation—
 and one blessed Father and founder we claim;

Then let us be filled with true adoration,
 at ev'ry remembrance of his precious name:

His name tho corrupted by vain superstition,
 thro' all the dark reign of the beast and the whore,

We bless the Lord Jesus! and his high commission
 a Savior from sin we forever adore.

His nature is deep in our mem'ry engraved—
 his spirit is with us, his footsteps are plain;

And as by his second appearing we're saved,
 we glorify God for his coming again:

The song that was sung by the heavenly legions,
with living sensations we now can repeat;
Say'ng, glory to God for that mutual obedience,
which renders the birth of a Savior complete.

The wars and commotions around us are raging,
here peace like a river doth constantly flow,
And true Christian virtue appears so engaging,
that after old satan no longer we go,
Our loving kind Savior, by all his behavior,
has pointedly taught us no human to kill:
And no man of reason can say it is treason,
to overcome evil with love and good-will.

Now free toleration to conscience is given—
we're sav'd from the terror of tyrants and kings.
The American eagle now soars toward heaven,
and bears us aloft on her virtuous wings.
The suff'ring and patience of our Elder Brother,
first laid the foundation for virtuous peace;
Then, his true disciples could love one another,
and glory to God for the happy increase.

Attracted by love in a human appearance,
we quit the old serpent and his bloody den;
And trav'ling in kindness and gentle forbearance,
we rise into peace and good-will toward men.
Then glory to God in the highest gradation
of living Believers, who cease to do wrong,
And peace to all souls in this sacred relation—
so peace and good fellowship closes our song.

THE GRATER

The gospel way is clear as day, tho hard unto my nature,
And I will bind the carnal mind, & hold it to the grater;
The gospel path is free from wrath, then I will be more-
That I may find that peace of mind, clever,
That will abide forever. *N. Lebanon.*

I'm glad I am a Shaker, and number'd with the flock,
who are the true partakers, and founded on the rock;
My thankfulness I can't express for this blessed day,
that I have found such peace & rest, & comfort in the way.

"Ancient Heretics (says Dr. Robinson) knew the Old Testament economy was dissolved and abolished, and therefore they rejected—as a rule of faith and practice to Christians, all the books of the O. T. down to Job. They saw that people, who did not make this distinction, confounded Christianity with Judaism." For a specimen of this confounded system, see the following poem.

III. Let go the old dispensation. E. W.

When Christ, as the way to the Father
is open'd in true gospel light
The blind Antichristians would rather
that some other way should be right;
The increasing work of salvation,
these hypocrites fondly would shun,
And keep up their old flesh-relation,
as their wicked fathers have done.

2. "Your doctrine, say they, is too galling,
your cross is too heavy to bear;
The flesh you are constantly mawling,
and none of its pleasures you spare;
For when you have made your confession,
you cut off all sin at a blow;—
Our fathers made no such profession,
and they were good Christians we know.

3. Old Noah got drunk and was naked,
and he was a Christian outright!
And when from his wine he awaked,
could speak like an angel of light:
And Abram, that eminent Christian,
cohabited with a young miss;
And who his salvation would question,
or think to do better than this?

4. Old Lot was undoubtedly saved,
when Sodom the Lord overthrew,
And yet he got drunk and behaved
as any good Christian might do.
His work could not well be defended,
when he begat Ammon and Moab,
But this the kind savior intended
to cover with his spotless robe.

5. King David with lust was so filled,
 that in the pursuit of his game,
 The honest Uriah he killed;
 and he was a Christian of fame:
 And Solomon, the greatest of princes,
 the lusts of the flesh never cross'd
 And where is the man in his senses,
 would say this great monarch was lost.

6. Away with your sinless perfection!
 our fathers have sought it in vain!
 In them we can still find protection.
 tho sin in our members should reign.
 If we must be better than David,
 or half as religious as Paul,
 Or if these great men were not saved,
 we'll never be saved at all."

7. Thus Antichrist mans up his castle
 and calls forth his numberless kin,
 Against the true gospel to wrestle,
 for justification in sin;
 But let the dark legions assemble,
 who sprung from old Adam the first,
 Before the true saints they shall tremble,
 and know that in sin they are curs'd

8. As far as the flesh was revealed
 to Patriarchs, Prophets and Kings,
 Their distance from God they bewailed,
 still hoping for some better things:
 But in this last manifestation,
 how vain is the hypocrite's trust,
 To hang to the old dispensation,
 and hope to be sav'd in his lust.

9. The darkness of past generations,
 no longer can serve as a cloak,
 Since Christ, in his two dispensations,
 the fatal enchantment has broke.
 As we have his flesh-hating spirit,
 this truth we will boldly maintain.
 That none can his kingdom inherit,
 till their carnal nature is slain.

10. The promises now are fulfilling,
 the substance is now on the stage,
 And all may partake that are willing,
 of whatever nation or age:
 In Gilead is now a physician,
 and all who receive of his balm,
 Are sav'd from their beastly condition,
 and reign with the Bride and the Lamb.

VI. *Expostulation.* J. D. P. H.

Adieu to the doleful distress,
 which antichrist's subjects do know—
 No longer are we left to guess
 where life and salvation do flow;
 Invelop'd in darkness they paint
 a prospect as frightful as hell,
 When God to the sinner and saint
 their separate portion shall tell.

2. The day long expected is come,
 that day so much dreaded by all,
 To settle a permanent home,
 for those who obey the loud call;
 The day by the prophets foretold—
 to burn like a furnace of fire—
 The people to 'fine as the gold,
 and give to pure souls their desire.

3. How many have groaned in heart,
 with anguish and bitter remorse,
 And pray'd for a permanent part
 with Jesus who bore the full cross?
 Vain pleasures they'd gladly forego,
 and bitter reflections endure,
 Might they with full certainty know
 their portion in heaven secure.

4. But strange to relate of this day?
 tho kindness and love are so great,
 The guilty despise it and say—
 we cannot this gospel partake;
 The way of the gospel is hard,
 by means of the cross which you bear?

We'll rather from Jesus be barr'd,
than in his afflictions to share.

5. For want of some terrible flame,
to set all the world in a blaze,
They think they may pass without blame,
and say these cannot be the days:
As if unrelenting with wrath,
would characterize the Lord's way,
Or save guilty rebels from death,
or give an acceptable day.

5. Is this what poor mortals require,
before they submit to his nod;
Or would they provoke him to ire,
and weary the patience of God?
Will rebels his goodness despise,
and of their own pleasures partake,
And in their presumption devise
what measures Jehovah must take.

6. Those who in rebellion remain,
until this fair harvest is past,
Shall then be invited again,
to hear a loud call at the last—
A call in the judgment to rise,
and openly there to confess,
How wicked they were and unwise,
the light of this day to suppress.

8. What sorrow, repentance and wo,
this lively reflection must give—
We let the good harvest time go,
and no happy wages receive:
Pretending to live without blame,
we've wasted our summer in sin,
While truth in a consummate flame;
becomes our tormenter within.

VII. *Man's chief end.* E. W.

The end of all things is at hand,
when honest souls begin
To join in one united band,
and put away all sin.

When each and all their sins forsake,
 and cease from doing harm,
 This makes the earth and heavens shake,
 with the most dread alarm.

2. Why are ye struck with such amaze?
 ye kindreds of the earth!

While heav'nly Wisdom here displays
 her last and noblest birth.

What is there in the undefil'd,
 to put mankind in fear?

When Christ the holy harmless child
 does in his saints appear.

3. Satan would have all things destroy'd,
 when his vile work is done;

And leave a dark and empty void
 for God's anointed Son;

But in this great and burning day
 there's nothing suffers loss,

But what's ordain'd to pass away,
 by virtue of the cross.

4. 'Tis no convulsion in the air,
 earthquakes or fiery storms;

All things continue as they were,
 in all their nat'ral forms;

That Spirit call'd the King of kings,
 for whom all things were made,

Has introduc'd those awful things
 that make mankind afraid.

5. That spirit which is pure and just,
 benevolent and kind,

Abstaining from all fleshy lust
 that wars against the mind,

Among his people now doth dwell,
 creating all things new,

Nor can the pow'rs of earth and hel
 deprive him of his due.

9. Let all creation own their lead,
 and their best honors pay

To that celestial royal seed,
 now veil'd in human clay!

To him the heav'ns & earth must bend,
 submissive to his plan;
 And here's the chief and highest end
 of what is called man. [*All beside is beast.*]

VIII. *Fair argument—Clear-sight & Double-eyes.*

D. There's one important subject, I wish you to explain
 How Christ is manifested, and how he is to reign.
 He is not seen in person, then, who can personate
 A being so majestic, so pow'ful and so great?

C. Perhaps you are mistaken, in one important thing,
 Supposing him a person, like some great earthly king;
 If you conceive a spirit is like a mortal man,
 I cannot solve your question, on such a foolish plan.

D. I'm not so much mistaken, I'm not so great a fool—
 I know it is a spirit that in the Church must rule;
 But when in church-relation, the lines are truly drawn,
 Must not all pow'r be vested in some peculiar one?

C. In one peculiar person! Nay, friend, that will not do,
 The spirit of the gospel must dwell, at least, in two:
 The work of selfdenial, you know cannot proceed,
 Unless both male & female have each their proper lead.

D. I grant that male & female have both a right to teach,
 But is it not sufficient, to have just one of each?

C. Nay—ministerial order includes a couple more—
 This lot of living creatures, you know must number four.

D. Well this is also granted, and now I apprehend,
 That in these living creatures, the ruling pow'r must end.
 But if the Christ be in them, I hope he'll tarry there,
 For I shall feel disturbed, if he should come too near.

C. I see that you are startled, lest you will have to own
 Another class of angels that's round about the throne.

D. Pray, do you mean the elders? C. yea that I do indeed.

D. Well I shall not obey them, nor own them as my lead.

C. Forsooth you seem in earnest, you really talk quite free
 What ails you at the elders, what have they done to thee?
 If you despise that order, or treat their gifts with scorn,
 All heaven will reject you, as sure as you are born.

D. That is a bold assertion and do you think I can
 be subject to the counsel of my poor fellow man!

C. No doubt it feels debasing, but this you have to do,
If he is judg'd a wiser and better man than you.

D. You really hurt my feelings, why man do you not see
That none of my coequals is fit to govern me?
I am a good Believer, perhaps as good as you,
And mean to keep relation, and work my passge thro'.

C. Poor soul how you're deceived! to think that you can
A lot among Believers, with such a haughty mind! (find
D. You judge me too severely, you press me rather tite;
If I am so deceived, you ought to set me right.

C. If you will but be candid, I'll show you your mistake
And how you wind & wabble, as crooked as a snake.
Acknowledge Xt. & Mother, & you will not condemn
The eldership—an order established by them.

Christ in his first appearing, good Elders did ordain,
Whose gifts were well defined, their duties very plain;
As they receiv'd their counsel & teaching from the Lord
Obedience to an Elder had always a reward.

First Mother had her Elders, a gift was plac'd in each,
To labor with the members, to govern and to teach,
And ev'ry good Believer that's follow'd Mother Ann,
Has faithfully supported this all-important plan.

D. Your argument is weighty, my heart begins to beat;
I fear I've been mistaken, and cover'd with deceit:
That Christ is in the elder your reas'ning would imply,
But how can I discern him, or know he is so nigh?

C. The spirit, you have granted, must be the only guide
Which in the two first pillars, doth constantly abide;
This spirit to the elders is actually convey'd,
And in that sacred order it has to be obey'd.

D. In fact you seem determin'd to make the matter go.

C. Well, can you contradict me, or say it is not so?

D. I do confess the doctrine is neither new nor strange,
But I have been ho-oping that there would be a change.

C. A change from flesh to spirit, is what we do applaud,
To gain a closer union, and nearness unto God;
Each cleaving to their leadship, the changing work goes
Until the living body is leaven'd into one. (on,

B. My eye of carnal reason, is struck entirely blind,
 And now to gospel order I feel my soul resign'd;
 My former scheme is blasted, for now I clearly see
 That I am no church-member, if Christ is not in me.

C. Well if your eye be single, and you prefer the light,
 And with the honest-hearted, determine to unite,
 'Twill be some satisfaction to see you bend your knee,
 And hear you cry, in earnest, "My Elders pray for me,—
 That I may be righteous, and holy and pure—
 That I may with patience all things well endure."

IX. *Good feelings.*

HOW lovely are the saints above!
 The lovely souls who dwell in love.
 How lovely are the saints below!
 Who still in love and union grow:
 I love to see them move along,
 I love to join the heav'nly throng,
 And that I may not miss the way,
 I will, I will, I will obey.

2. How blessed, O how blest are we!
 How very thankful should we be!
 That we have Elders, O! so true!
 A Father and a Mother too.
 So now we give to God our thanks,
 While we move on, in solemn ranks,
 And we will do just as they say—
 We will, we truly will obey.

3. O, here it is that we do find
 A happy and contented mind:
 And here it is, that we do know
 The streams of love forever flow.—
 The hills may sink, the vallies rise!
 But all the good, yea all the wise,
 (Tho all creation should decay)
 Will keep this pure, this holy way.

South Union. Feb. 1834.—H. L. E.

X. Thankfulness.

I feel to be thankful for what I've receiv'd,
 Through my precious Elders, since I have believ'd,
 I've many kind thanks, which I want to express;
 I'll sing in their presence of my thankfulness.

2. When laden with sin, and I wish'd to unload,
 They freely receiv'd them, as witness for God:
 I felt their compassion and charity flow,—
 They then set my feet in the way I should go.

3. The path which they show'd me was narrow & strait,
 No one but a child could have enter'd the gate:
 And while in this path-way I travel along,
 My Elders correct me when I would go wrong.

4. My grateful sensations I will manifest,
 By works of uprightness, and doing my best;
 And when from the snares of temptation I fly,
 I always feel glad that protection is nigh.

5. A child of the gospel while tender and young,
 Must feel its dependence on those that are strong;
 He flutters his wings by a pow'r not his own—
 'Tis by ministration, by that gift alone.

6. Among the pure gifts which the heavens bestow,
 A thankful kind spirit is precious we know;
 O may this pure spirit inherit my soul,
 And with strong dominion old nature control.

XI. A good determination.

My soul is determin'd I never will hate
 The good watchman that's set to reprove in the gate,
 But on ev'ry occasion I mean to be free,
 And contentedly take what belongeth to me.

2. My past imperfections I'll not justify,
 But when sharply reprov'd my old nature may fry:—
 I will not excuse or contend for the foe,
 But go on and be doing the best that I know.

3. There is nothing behind me, that I do desire—
 I want my old nature to roast in the fire,
 Till all that is evil is burned to dross—
 Salvation is gained by bearing the cross,

Mother Ruth and her company, namely Peter Pease Samuel Turner, Constant Mosely, John Wright, Lucy Smith, Martha Sanford, Prudence Farrington, Molly Goodrich and Ruth Darrow, arrived at Turtle creek (now Union Village) May 31st 1806. and the following sketch of their journal was sent home by Elder John the next August. We love to think of those days.

XII. Believers' Farewell.

Now from our brethren and our sisters
 God has called us to go,
 Over the hills and over mountains,
 into the State of Ohio:

We have to cross the Aleghany,
 a mountain high & tedious too;
 And now good angels will protect us,
 that we may safely travel through.

2. And now in parting with our Mother,
 the tears of love flow from our eyes,
 And parting with our loving brethren,
 to heav'n we raise our mournful cries.
 And now our Mother speaks most loving,
 O, my children weep no more!
 Since God in Christ our blessed Savior,
 has open'd an effectual door.

3. And now we go, in joy and comfort,
 trusting in the Lord alone,
 Till we arrive unto our brethren,
 who to Ohio now are gone.
 And now our blessed loving brethren,
 do pray for us while on the way,
 That the Almighty Lord of glory,
 may us protect by night and day.

Second part.

The tedious scene at length is closed,
 the rattl'ing wheels have rolled round
 Unto the place which we proposed,
 we're now upon Miami ground.
 With tender hearts we now remember
 the sorrows of the parting scene,
 And feel your kindred spirits near us,
 tho mountains high do intervene,

5. No mountain high nor flowing river,
 nor distant clime can us divide;
 Our kindred souls are one forever,
 united to the Lamb and Bride.
 When in your sweet celestial breezes,
 you mingle with the hosts above,
 Convey our grateful thanks to Jesus,
 to Mother dear present our love.
7. Pleas'd with the change of situation,
 our parents' choice we know is best;
 We've found a peaceful habitation—
 a little spot where we can rest.
 Altho the world count us deceivers,
 and think we use some magic charms.
 A joyful croud of young Believers,
 receiv'd us here with open arms.
7. Those precious ones we count our trea-
 sure, by whom the gospel's understood;
 And gladly suffer in our measure,
 to promote their greatest good.
 To all who stand in one communion,
 at Watervliet and Lebanon,
 We still retain our blessed union,
 and send our love by Elder John.

XIII. Elder John's Farewell, August 19th, 1806.
 Farewell, Brother Meacham, farewell in the Lord!
 For all your kind labors you'll get your reward.
 May some loving angel attend Elder John,
 And safely conduct him to New Lebanon.

2. In calling the sheep there were others more bold,
 But John had a special concern for the fold;
 The lambs he protected, by night and by day,
 And gather'd back such as were going astray.

3. The sheep soon perceived the good shepherd's voice
 The gospel according to John was their choice,
 And when we came forth and collected in one,
 O what a kind shepherd was good Elder John!

4. In all his discourses, no mortal could say,
That one jot of error his lips did convey;
And what was still better, he liv'd as he taught,
And no living creature could charge him with aught.

5. Tho he is gone eastward, and I'm in the west,
His mem'ry's so deeply engrav'd on my breast,
I feel Elder John just as tho he were here;
And ready in spirit to join us in prayer.

XIV. Consolation. Baruch Ch. V. A. B. U, V.

Put off, O Jerusalem, thy mourning array!
Tho floods of affliction appear in thy way;
And gird on the beauty of thy comeliness—
Salvation and glory in their full increase.

2. Thy brightness shall surely be shown by thy God,
Under the whole heaven, through countries abroad;
Thy name shall be called, Jehovah now says,
Forever, the way of salvation and praise.

3. Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand up on high!
Thy children are gath'ring. to thee they draw nigh.
Behold from the east and the west they have come,
With joy in remembrance of the Holy one.

4. Be cheerful thy children, and take a good heart—
From thee, O Jerusalem, I'll never depart—
For thus saith Jehovah who gave thee that name
With thee shall the comforts of heaven remain.

5. For God hath appointed that ev'ry high hill
Shall now be cast down, and the vallies be fill'd,
To make the ground even, a safe pleasant road,
That Israel may go in the glory of God.

6. Moreover the woods and each sweet-smelling tree,
A shade over Israel, forever, shall be:
And under their branches he safely shall stand,
And there be protected by heaven's command.

AN ALLEGORICAL DETAIL of the entrance of Mother's Gospel in the West, in the year 1805. This Poem is still entertaining to those who understand its sublime imagery.

A happy voyage to Canaan, where Zion's glory shines,
Has long been predicated, by many solemn signs;
And honest souls have waited long for that auspicious day
When some enterprizing cruiser would stem the dang'rous
way.

2 Deceiv'd by wicked pilots, who always led them wrong,
They rais'd their cries to heaven—O mighty God how long!
Their fervent aspirations, kind heaven did fulfil,
And the Lord prepar'd a vessel, by his unerring skill.

3 He launch'd the royal New-light, in 18 hundred one,
Commanded by Elijah, and the good boatswain John;
'The solemn trump was sounded—'Ye men of ev'ry kin,
You may now obtain a passage, from this vain world of sin.

4 Along the crouded harbor, we coasted to and fro,
With this kind invitation—'O sinners will you go?'
Can we forget that solemn day she first began to move,
With her flowing sails expanded with pure impartial love!

5. With our New-light colors flying, we had not sailed far,
Till we spi'd upon our larboard a gallant man of war;
'Reef up your sails (her boatswain cries) you shall not cross
Unless you've been elected from all eternity. [this sea,

6. We found it was bold Calvin, & to the right we steer'd,
When just upon our starboard Arminius next appear'd;
We gave them each a broadside, but would not stand to fire,
And the wind being in our favor, we soon got out of sight.

7 4 years we plow'd the ocean, and o'er the waves did ride
With mighty thunders roaring, and storms on ev'ry side;
Sometimes we soar'd to heaven, upon a tow'ring wave,
Then down we sink as low again, into the opening grave.

8. The marriners impatient to reach the happy ground—
And sick of these sad changes, still tossing up and down—
How oft the longing passengers look o'er the rolling seas,
Crying surely yonder's Canaan, I think I see the trees!

9. At length a blessed convoy, on board the Royal Ann,
Came forth to meet the New-light, & bring her safe to land,
From such intervening dangers, the king of Zion knew
He could never reach the harbor unless they brought us to,

10. About the first of April, this vessel we did spy,
 And our good boatswain hail'd her, "Aho the ship ahoy!
 To what empire do you belong, what is your captain's name?
 Let us know where you go, & likewise from whence you came

11. Our captain is Emanuel, to Canaan we pertain,
 & we're come to help you forward, across the rolling main.,
 We bade her kindly welcome, and Leeward we did steer,
 Till a lying spirit enter'd, and some were struck with fear.

12. They are pirates, cries a sailor, from the high gallant
 They do not seem to know me, I think we'd better stop (top
 They're deceivers cries another, they surely mean to kill,
 For if they belong'd to Canaan, they would not be so still.

13. What infinite confusion did instantly ensue;
 Our officers abus'd and insulted by the crew;
 Some crying, Lord have mercy, we're surely all deceiv'd,
 And our pilot's been a traitor, as some at first believ'd.

14. At length those wicked sailors concluded to divide,
 And down they let the long boat into the foaming tide;
 The fearful knew not what to do, but into it they ran,
 Crying here's a place of safety, we must not follow man.

15; The few that proved faithful & to the New-light cleav'd
 Were sure the honest pilot had not the crew deceiv'd;
 & such clamors from the longboat 'you must not follow man'
 Only urg'd them on the faster toward the royal Ann.

16. The Convoy we approach'd, thro' a little narrow pass,
 Between the infernal ocean, and the bright sea of glass,
 Where we receiv'd high orders, to cast out ev'ry sin:
 And when we had unloaded, they kindly took us in.

17. The crew that man'd the long-boat, recovering from-
 their fright,
 Came veering on toward us, determin'd for a fight;
 Well charg'd with pride & envy, they let off many lies,
 While the R. Ann mov'd off, with the N. light as her prize.

18 Now under a good convoy and blest with a fresh gale,
 Thro' the sea of self-denial, we joyfully did sail:
 And in ev'ry scene of trial, our union did increase,
 Till we enter'd Salem's harbor, & found the land of peace.

XVI. *Persecution retaliated.*

When Christ in ancient days appear'd,
 A sin-destroying cross he rear'd,

And many souls were then prepar'd
 to stand the fiery trial;
 Through all the rage of Greek and Jew,
 The world, the flesh, and satan too,
 They were determin'd to pursue
 a life of self-denial.

2. The lech'rous priests the cross deride,
 Then all who live in lust and pride,
 With burning zeal espouse their side,
 and without judge or jury,
 Condemn the selfdenying way;
 Then all who would their faith obey,
 Must yied their lives a certain prey
 to their relentless fury.

3. The lovely saints they crucify,
 Or on gridirons roast and fry,
 Or bruis'd and mangled thousands lie,
 and in their wounds expire;
 With iron hooks their flesh they tear,
 Or tie them in the freezing air,
 Or make them walk with their feet bare,
 on burning coals of fire.

4. In flames they burn, in rivers drown,
 Or hang them up with their head down.
 And build slow fires, smoking found,
 by which they're suffocated;
 With thorns and lances some were bled-
 The tongue cut out of others' head,
 And through such scenes of torture led,
 as cannot be related.

5. On cruel racks their joints they rend,
 Or into stinking prisons send,
 And without clothing, food or friend,
 their death was there insured;
 All who the stinking flesh would hate,
 Death was their sure and certain fate,
 Nor can the tongue of man relate
 the suff'rings they endured.

7. Through Pagan lusts, and Popish laws,
 The beast maintain'd his brutal cause,

And with his persecuting claws,
 the Church of Jesus wasted:
 Ye judges just, what do you think?
 Does not his cause begin to sink?
 And shall he not be forc'd to drink
 the dregs of what they tasted,

Who is this beast, that overcame
 The lovely saints? we do proclaim,
 It is the flesh—Ah that's his name!

He is the old deceiver!

Now Flesh you may give up your hope,
 You are the persecuting Pope,
 And you shall run the gantlope,
 in place of the Believer.

8. The cross; the gibbet and the rack,
 Shall make your joints asunder crack,
 Nor will your executors lack
 • for fire or for fuel;

To shun your fate in vain you try—
 You need not once for mercy cry,
 Your certain doom is now to die,
 • since you have been so cruel.

9. Ye fowls that in the heavens fly!
 The supper's ready, now draw nigh—
 Your crows shall have a full supply
 of what has been proposed:
 We'll give you flesh well crucified,
 Or in the furnace bak'd or fry'd.
 With flesh you shall be well suppli'd
 until the supper's closed.

XVII. *Cheerfulness* S. M. S U.

Come, friends in the gospel, be cheerful and pleasant!
 We'll take no insult from the prince of the air;
 We're happy and hearty and healthy at present
 And from his dominions have nothing to fear;
 Then rise on the wing of celestial communion,
 And soar above all that is earthly and mean;
 There's worlds above this that are blest with sweet
 And there shall the righteous in glory be seen. (union)

XVIII. (146) *What I love.*

I love the precious gospel call—

I truly love Believers all—

I love to keep forever near

The souls who live in godly fear;

I love their loving spirits kind—

I love to make their goodness mine—

I love to ever thankful be

For so much love so kind and free.

2. **I** love my house, **I** love my home,

Without the least desire to roam:

I love the order that is set—

I love to every wrong forget

I love to keep the good in view,

O how **I** love the hearts that's true,

I love their words, **I** love their ways,

I love with them to spend my days,

3. **I** love to build up those in care—

Yea every one who burdens bear;

I love the strong, **I** love the weak,

Yea all that would their union seek.

I love to see them help'd along—

Till they become both wise and strong;

I love to see all souls do well,

I love so much **I** cannot tell.

I love the work, **I** love the way—

I love to daily watch and pray;

I love to do my parents' will,

And by the cross old nature kill;

I love to join the simple few—

I love to march as angels do—

With living spirits to unite,

And praise the Lord with all my might,

5. For **I** am fill'd with heav'nly joy,

And nothing can my love destroy;

Since light and life my soul has found,

No one shall ever take my crown.

Our blessed Father pav'd the way—

Our Mother brought about the day,

In which her children may be free—

And now we hail the jubilee. S. E. S. U.

XIX. (141) *The Narrow way*

When I behold the saints of God,
in harmony united,
On Zion's land in order stand,
O how I am delighted;
With peace and rest forever blest—
in light and love advancing,
They move along in union strong,
with music and with dancing.

2. It fills my soul with life and zeal
to gain this ceaseless treasure;
I will arise and win the prize,
and take my cross with pleasure;
No winds that blow shall overthrow,
or ever stop my travel:
I feel resign'd to leave behind
the world the flesh and devil

3. Tho I should pass thro' stormy blasts,
and scenes of tribulation,
I'll never fear but persevere,
and gain complete salvation.

This is the rood our parents trod
who mark'd the way before us,
The cross endur'd and life secur'd,
and gain'd the day victorious.

4. So I must go through scenes of wo,
and death to my old nature,
Before I reach that blessed state
completely a New creature;
Then I'll rejoice and raise my voice,
renounce the flesh forever,
For this is all that keeps the soul
from union with the Savior.

5. Now I will be forever free,
and keep my just relation
To ev'ry mild and simple child,
throughout the new creation.

I love this little narrow way,
the way of self-denial;
I love the cross that burns the dross;
I mean to stand the trial.

6. I love this simple gospel plan
 which in this day is given;
 For now I see the simple way
 that leads the soul to heaven.
 Thanks for the same to Father's name,
 thanks to our blessed Mother!
 My union now shall freely flow
 to sister and to brother..

XX. *The way of God is lovely*
 (By Alpheus Rude of N. Lebanon, in his 80th year)

I love the precious way of God—
 The way that Christ and Mother tread—
 I love their counsels to obey—
 I love to walk the narrow way.
 I love to bear my daily cross,
 And travel out of nature's loss;
 I love to do God's holy will,
 And all his righteous laws fulfil.
 2. I love this pure and holy way,
 Because it saves me night and day;
 I love that lead which God has giv'n,
 To lead me on my way to heav'n.
 I love to walk in the true light,
 Which now is shining clear and bright;
 The works of darkness I despise,
 They are deceit, falsehood and lies,
 3. All wicked works I do abhor—
 The truth I am contending for,
 And in subjection to my lead,
 I find supply for ev'ry need,
 From this pure fountain souls are fed,
 With heav'nly food and living bread;
 Here streams of living waters flow—
 This is the way of God I know.

XXI. *The lovely way, by a western junior.*

I truly love the way of God,
 and in it I'll progress,—
 The way my heav'nly parents tread—
 the way of holiness.

This is the way that I'll pursue—
 to God I'll spend my days;
 My fervent zeal I will renew,
 and give to God the praise.

2. He gave to me the gospel call,
 when I was in my prime;
 And I will spend for him my all,
 my talents and my time.

I will not linger on the way,
 nor slight my precious call;
 Each little order I'll obey,
 tho' they appear but small.

3. This is the way that I expect
 my union to maintain,
 And all things else I will reject,
 lest I my conscience stain.
 I mean to keep my armor bright,
 and strict obedience show,
 And make the gospel my delight,
 wherever I do go.

XXII. The gospel-Trumpet.

HARK brethren! don't you hear the sound
 the gospel-trumpet now is blowing;
 Many souls are gath'ring round,
 to Mother's banner see them flowing!
 Full salvation by the cross
 to every faithful soul is given—
 When refined from their dross,
 a crown of life laid up in heaven.

2. Sisters! don't you hear the sound?
 our Mother's voice is now so charming;
 Virgin souls, come gather down,
 and of her lovely ways be learning.

Hark! her children how they call!
 now the curse is disappearing;
 Full redemption from the fall,
 by the virtue of cross-bearing.

3. Precious Mother! sound her name,
 ye aged and ye youth together;

'Twas through her redemption came,
 from all the filthiness of nature:
 She reveal'd the *man of sin*,
 show'd where he was proudly seated;
 With his whore along with him,
 by the cross she has defeated.

4. She reveal'd the gospel plan,
 and show'd what God thro' Christ is do-
 To redeem poor fallen man, (ing,
 and save his soul from endless ruin.
 By her suff'rings overcame,
 and taught the way of self-denying,
 Put the nasty flesh to shame,
 in which old Adam's race were lying.

5. Brethren let us all unite,
 and keep the ground that Mother gave us,
 Sisters too let's stand and fight,
 for now the Lord will surely save us:
 Inobedience let us move,
 for this to Mother is so charming;
 Let us live in peace and love,
 and of her lovely ways be learning

XXIII. *War times.*

I am determin'd now for one,
 I will not be impos'd upon;
 I have set out my cross to bear,
 And free my soul from ev'ry snare;
 They need no more present to me
 The fruit of the forbidden tree;
 For God's commands I will obey,
 And put all filthy lust away,
 2. I'll give the stinking flesh no room,
 Whatever form it may assume;
 Tho in a dress the most refin'd,
 My faith and sense it shall not bind:
 No charming word, nor winning smile,
 That would my soul the least beguile,
 Shall ever twist me here or there,
 From that full cross I mean to bear.

3. To keep my faith I will be triant,
 And if the flesh takes an affront,
 I shall the sooner be releast
 From that which goes to feed the beast.
 With all such souls I will be free,
 Who hate the beastly [whorish] part of me,
 Whose faith is like a butcher's knife,
 To keep him [her] from the tree of life.

4. I love the sisters [brethren] to be sure,
 But with a love that is so pure,
 That if one lustful breath they blow,
 I feel it's time for me to go:
 And as in both the flesh is curst
 I'll not contend which is the worst,
 But I shall mind my steering oar [oar at least
 To shun the vortex of the whore. [beast,

XXIV. *Hard times for the flesh*

A greater work we have to do
 Than any we have passed through,
 Then let us all with zeal pursue
 the work of self-denial;
 For tho' we're sav'd from actual sin,
 There is a nature yet within,
 which to old satan is akin,
 and it must come to trial.

2. A plain confession we do know,
 First gave our pride the fatal blow.
 And we could then walk very low,
 and no great honor claimed;
 But now the stinking beast can hide,
 And cover up his nasty pride,
 But God will open his inside,
 and make him yet ashamed.

3. Against the world we could unite,
 And ev'ry foe that came in sight;
 But now we truly have to fight
 a more important battle:
 The root of pride and self-conceit,
 The fire of God will surely meet,

And nothing can endure the heat,
but pure and solid metal.

4. The gift of God, we clearly find,
Is right against the carnal mind,
That selfish nature it will bind,
and burn it to a cinder:

The narrow gate we're passing through,
Will not admit of more than two,
And now old self we will subdue,
and who can let or hinder.

5. We're glad and thankful for the day,
When God's pure gifts we can obey,
And now for hotter fire we pray,
on ev'ry selfish passion;
That all the humble and contrite,
May in the gifts of God unite,
And feel that solid pure delight,
that's in the new creation.

XXV. *The Cockatrice Routed.*

THE Cockatrice still wants a place,
in Zion's lovely regions,
Where she can lay and hatch away,
her spawns of disobedience:
But as we think, that from her stink,
proceeds all foul disorders,
It will be best to fire the nest,
and drive her from our borders.

2. Her filthy eggs are but the dregs
of that old beastly nature,
That won't unite with what is right,
but still wants something greater.
It surely must be filthy lust,
that leads to disobedience—

Then rise like men, and fire the den,
and drive her from our regions.

3. Ah! that is it, they won't submit!
and yet the grand deceivers
Will try to hide their nasty pride,
and pass for good Believers;—

We'll search about, and find them out,
 and as our faith grows riper,
 You may depend we'll fire the den,
 and drive out ev'ry viper.

4. The time is now for all to bow,
 and find their true subjection;
 And take good heed unto their lead,
 for this is their protection.
 The lowly mind that's truly join'd
 unto the true foundation,
 Will be secure forevermore,
 in simple church-relation.

XXVI. *Conspiracy detected.*

IT now appears beyond a doubt,
 some hellish plot is laid,
 And wickd spirits have come out,
 our comforts to invade;
 But Michal and his shining host,
 appear with sword in hand,
 Determin'd they will clear the coast
 of Satan's wicked band,

2. Will any be on Satan's side,
 nor let the devils go?
 But fix a place for them to hide,
 where they may shun the blow?
 Come honest souls let's raise the shout,
 and with one voice declare,
 That ev'ry devil shall go out,
 and find no quarters here.

3. We will stand open to the light—
 our parents we'll obey,
 And if in this we all unite,
 there can no devil stay:
 And those who will the evil screen,
 and carry on the plot,
 Will find, before we close the scene,
 this place will be too hot.

XXVII, *The last Woe.*

- LO** ' in these latter years, the bright angel appears,
 Through the heavens he's taking his flight,
 With his banner unfurl'd, crying "Woe to the world !
 its offences must come to the light."
- 2.** Now the devil's come down, and he rages around,
 knowing short is the time of his reign;
 But beware of his crew for in haste he will do
 Whatsoever dark works yet remain.
- 3.** In your actions unclean, you are openly seen,
 and this truth you may ever remark,
 That in anguish and wo, to the saints you must go,
 and confess what you've done in the dark,
- 4.** From restraint you are free, and no danger you see,
 till the sound of the trumpet comes in,
 Crying "Woe to your lust, it must go to the dust,
 with the unfruitful pleasures of sin."
- 5.** Horrid woes like a flood, on the shedder of blood,
 with such awful conviction shall roll,
 That he cannot in time, wash away the foul crime,
 nor escape from the guilt of his soul.
- 6.** And a woe to the liar, he is doom'd to the fire,
 until all his dark lies are confess'd—
 Till he honestly tell, what a spirit from hell,
 had its impious seat in his breast.
- 7.** And a woe to the thief, without any relief—
 he is sentenc'd in body and soul,
 To confess with his tongue, and restore ev'ry wrong,
 what he ever has robbed or stole.
- 8.** And a woe to your pride! for you never can hide
 from the all-seeing eye of the Lord;
 Tho' you cry for relief, in your anguish and grief,
 you will justly receive your reward.
- 9.** What a woe to the man, with his antichrist plan,
 who is preaching his gospel for hire;
 For he cannot increase any more than his fleece,
 nor deliver his flock from the fire.

10. Tho the sinner may plead, that it was not decreed,
for a man to take up a full cross,
Yet in hell he must burn, or repent and return,
and be sav'd from the nature of loss.
11. Heavy woes sink apace, on this lost fallen race,
and we know that the time is at hand,
When the wicked shall wail, & their courage shall fail,
for destruction will cover the land.
12. Many woes have been sent, calling men to repent,
and forsake their corruptible trash;
But this trumpet comes last, as a finishing blast,
to destroy the dark works of the flesh.

XXVIII. *A solemn warning*

- YE hypocrites tremble! Ye fleshmongers quake!
for the wrath of Jehovah doth burn;
The beast and the whore he'll cast into the lake,
with those who at mercy do spurn.
Take warning ye haughty, ye wanton and base!
prepare for a sentence that's just
The time is expir'd of your reign in this place,
ye scoffers who live in your lusts.
2. Be silent ye haughty— ye lovers of flesh!
and hear what Jehovah doth say;
Your boasted pretensions are only as trash,
and all your great outward display.
The gifts of the Spirit you hate and despise,
and trample on order with scorn,
And your filthy actions you cover with lies,
which cannot much longer be borne.
3. Come Brethren and Sisters! the work we must do—
arise and stand each in your place—
Be faithful, —Be zealous— Be courageous too,
and war against all that is base.
Be bold, and be valiant, and be not dismay'd,
nor shrink at the sight of the foe;
Tho a host from the pit should against us parade,
the vict'ry is Mother's we know.

THE cross becomes lighter, the heavens grow brighter,
 To those who will faithfully stand in their lot
 But those who're complaining, no good can be gaining,
 The fire of the gospel for them is too hot;
 But such as endure it, I'll boldly insure it,
 Will have a good conscience of peace and repose.
 While such as are quirk'ing, and their crosses shirk'ing,
 In awful confusion their travel must close.

2. The heart first consented, and then the tongue vented
 the fatal delusion of lust and deceit,

Which being received, sin next was conceived,
 and left the poor soul to bewail its defeat
 Some high-wrought excuses of wrongs or abuses,
 must next be invented, the conscience to quell:
 But this is all folly, for tho' you seem jolly,
 your faith and conviction you cannot repel.

3. This cunning deceiver can't touch a Believer,
 unless he can get them first tempted to taste
 Some carnal affection, or fleshly connection.
 and little by little their power to waste
 The first thing is blinding, before undermining,
 or else the discerning would shun the vile snare;—
 Thus Satan hath frosted and artfully blasted
 some beautiful blossoms that promis'd most fair.

4. This wily soul-taker and final peace-breaker
 may take the unwary before they suspect,
 And get them to hearken to that which will darken,
 and next will induce them their faith to reject;
 He'll tell you, subjection affords no protection—
 these things you've been tau't are but notions at best;
 Reject your protection, and break your connection,
 and all you call'd faith you may scorn and detest.

5. O what a dictator! to save a vile nature!
 which God, in his wrath has declared shall die;
 That all who will keep it, at harvest must reap it—
 the doleful reward of believing a lie.—
 Such infatuation will end in vexation,—
 as sorrow and bitter experience must show
 What you have neglected and lastly rejected,—
 then with your own choice to destruction you go.

Wake up and be serious ye though less & young
 and wisely take heed what you say;
 For you may do that with an unbridled tongue,
 which never can be purg'd away
 To speak against Christ in the lowly and meek,
 whatever your motives may be,
 'Twere better a millstone were tied to your neck,
 and you plunged into the sea.

2. Wo! woe! to that carnal and reprobate sense,
 which either at home or abroad,
 Will slander the faithful, and deal out offense
 against what is given of God:

But as it is said that offences will come,
 in honesty I can declare,

I rather would chuse to be blind, deaf & dumb,
 than fall into that fatal snare

3. The soul that has their wicked nature deni'd,
 obedient to what they are told,
 I'll own as my brother, my equal and guide,
 if they were not seven years old.

With every down-bringing gift I'll unite,
 tho all my own wisdom I lose,
 And let the ungodly the vain and polite
 despise me as much as they chuse.

XXXI. Devotion.

My heart & my voice in sweet praises shall join,
 to God for the blessings bestow'd—

My soul and my body to him I resign,
 to gain an eternal abode

In that glorious mansion of union and peate,
 where angels eternally sing,—

Where praises and shouting shall never more
 and anthems of glory shall ring. [cease,

2. To gain this pure treasure my cross I will bear,
 and patiently suffer below,

That I in the heavens of glory may share,
 where blessings eternally flow.

I never will murmur, tho trials I feel—

—The sinners my calling despise

Nay, but I'll be faithful, and labor with zeal
 to gain this bright glorious prize.

WHILE some ungrateful mortals are tossing to & fro,
 Despising ev'ry blessing kind heaven can bestow,
 My soul is fill'd with wonder, and truly I confess,
 I am thankful for the gospel and all that I possess.

2. To Jesus Christ & Mother, my fervent thanks begin,
 For their peculiar labors, to make an end of sin:
 I thank their faithful children who kept the narrow way,
 To introduce the glory of this great latter day.

I thank my blessed parents who taught me from a child
 To keep my faith unmarred, my conscience undefil'd
 I thank my good first elders, those faithful good guardians
 By whom I've been protected thro' many trying scenes.

4. To the beloved Ministry, who always bore the storm,
 My thanks are still unfeigned, my gratitude is warm;
 Their precepts and example, in ev'ry step they've trod,
 Must bind my soul forever, to keep the way of God.

5. I'm thankful to my brethren who stood the trying day,
 And came into Church-order—this strait & narrow way:
 I'm thankful that a number have gather'd down so low,
 To keep their humble station whatever wind may blow.

6. I thank the Elder-brethren, and Elder-sisters too—
 Set to maintain good order, in ev'ry thing we do:
 As they have been appointed to suffer and to bear,
 I thank them for their patience and persevering care.

7 My good thankworthy deacons much gratitude do claim
 To overlook their kindness would be a crying shame,
 In their important calling, my confidence they've won:
 I thank them all sincerely, for all the good they've done.

8. But I should be ungrateful should I confine my thanks
 To elders and to deacons, Nay, brethren of all ranks,
 Including the good sisters, whate'er their callings be,
 Have all their equal portion of gratitude from me.

9. To ev'ry class and order I'm thankful—that I am!
 And they that are unthankful, their faith is but a sham;
 Then let us all be thankful, and hail this happy day;
 And ev'ry thankful feeling most joyfully display.

D Babylon a mixed mass!

You have confus'd the universe—

Your splendid show is all a farce—
your name is still confusion;

And Asia's muddy boggy sod

Must sink beneath the wrath of God,

And under foot be stamp'd and trod,
with all her base delusion.

2. Egypt and Syria signify

Oppression, greatness, and a lie,

But now the fire is come to try,
and burn up your production;

And now in sackcloth you may howl!—

Your painted children how they scowl,

And mix with ev'ry hateful fowl,
to finish your destruction.

3. The mighty God has predestin'd,

To settle up with all mankind,

And ev'ry plague shall be combin'd
that ever was predicted;

The sword and famine you must meet,

And raging fevers' burning heat,

And yet no place for your retreat,
altho so sore afflicted,

4. Fierce as the lightning darts around,

And thunderbolts with dreadful sound,

So shall the plagues on earth abound,
with vengeance crying louder;

For God will all his threats fulfil,

And thus accomplish all his will,

And while each other's blood they spill,
They'll all be beat to powder.

5. The restless earth begins to quake,

Which makes her wide foundation shake,

The rising sea begins to break,

and owns her troubled hour;

And men like fish are toss'd about,

Altho they boast and talk so stout;

But God will dash their courage out,
and make them own his power.

6. His mighty hand has bent the bow,
 And his sharp arrows he will throw—
 They shall not miss where'er they go
 but pierce the whole creation.
 Tho many bloody wars have been,
 Yet never one that conquer'd sin,
 But in this battle God will win,
 and conquer ev'ry nation.

7. But O my people! saith the Lord,
 Come hear my voice, believe my word,
 Which long has been upon record,
 but now comes on the trial;
 Prepare yourselves for war and strife—
 Trust not in horses, lands, nor wife
 For you must live a pilgrims life—
 a life of self-denial.

8. Hear, my beloved, saith the Lord!
 Behold I send the dreadful sword;
 But you shall hide and keep my word,
 while I consume the nations;
 For yet, saith God, a little while,
 And wickedness shall quit the soil,
 And righteousness shall reign and smile,
 in all your habitations.

9. Tho multitudes with burning rage,
 Should drag you from your heritage,
 Consent not with them to engage,
 for I will you deliver.
 Be not afraid nor doubt at all,
 For I will guide you through it all,
 And save you tho you seem to fall,
 and be your God forever. *I. B.*

*XXXIV. From Psalm 45th, "My heart
 is inditing [marg. boiling] a good matter &c.*

MY heart is a boiling I cannot contain!
 My tongue is as nimble as a writer's pen,
 As touching the king he exceedeth all men,
 Tho he was disjoined he was the anointed,
 And so was appointed as the King of kings.

Gird on thy bright conquering two-edged sword,
 And ride in thy majesty, most mighty Lord!
 Because of the truth of thy sin-killing word.

tho legions have fought thee, and devils besought thee,
 thy right hand has taught thee most terrible things.

2. Thy throne, O Jehovah, forever is sure—

Thy scepter is right and thy kingdom is pure.

As thy righteous life did such hatred endure,
 thy God for their madness, anoints thee in sadness
 with the oil of gladness, above other men.

Thy garments all smell of the aloes and myrrh,
 Perfumed with Cassia how pleasant they are!

In the ivory palace, what beauty is there!

which fills thee with pleasure, & joy without measure
 to see such a treasure of immortal gain.

3. Kings daughters among these bright women are seen
 Upon thy right hand stood the beautiful queen,
 In pure gold of ophir so bright and so clean.

come, hearken O daughter! Consider the matter—
 prepare for the slaughter of all earthly love.

Forget thine own people and thy father's home—

The King loves thy beauty, and bids thee to come—

For he is thy Lord, and now worship thy groom.

Hail Father and Mother! The marriage is over,
 confirm'd by Jehovah in heaven above.

4. The daughter of Tyre is come on with her grace—

The rich of the people are seeking her face,
 Which fills her with glory in her holy place.

So let all creation, who wish for salvation:
 now seek their relation to this blessed pair.

Her clothing of gold is so perfectly wrought,

The like for a bride, in no kingdom is bought:

In best needle work to the king she is brought;

and now, O despiser, you'd better be wiser,
 for if you despise her you'll have it to bear.

5. Her virgin companions who follow her ways,

Come to the kings palace where she ever stays,

With gladness and dancing and innocent plays;

they bless their kind mother, and love one another,
 and sister and brother unite in the song.

Instead of thy fathers, thy children by birth;
 All dancing before thee in innocent mirth,
 whom thou may'st make princes in all the whole earth:
 they joy in cross-bearing, while sinners are staring—
 they still are preparing to travel along.

6. Thy name in remembrance forever shall stand,
 Establish'd by heaven's unchangeable hand,
 In all generations, through every land,
 thou shalt be admired, thy favor desired,
 tho earth has conspired, with tongue and with pen:
 The people shall praise thee for what thou hast done,
 And bless the Lord Jesus in whom it began—
 Hosanna to Father and Mother in one!
 for they are so clever—with all our endeavor—
 we'll praise them forever and ever, Amen.

XXXV. *The King & Queen—by G. B.*

HAIL to the King, now in triumph advancing!
 HAIL to the Queen now his beautiful bride!
 Her virgins attend her with music and dancing—[side.
 With lamps trim'd and burning bright they walk by her
 Soon to the King now the Queen shall present them,
 Rejoicing with gladness his beauty to behold; [them,
 The Lamb & the Bride with their smiles will content
 And clothe them with needle-work that's-wrought fine
 [with gold.

2. Behold! who are these in white robes now adorned!
 Behold them in triumph with palms in their hands!
 Of all nations, kindreds and tongues they are formed,
 Beyond enumeration for their number expands?
 These—these are they who through great tribulation,
 Have follow'd the path marked by the Son of man,
 And who by the washing of regeneration,
 Have had their robes whiten'd in the blood of the Lamb.

3. Hark! hear the sound, now their voices are sounding!
 Salvation! Salvation to God on the throne!
 And unto the Lamb a loud voice is resounding—
 They all sound in harmony, their voices are one.
 Now to the waters of life shall he lead them.
 Now from their eyes shall all tears be wip'd away:
 And with living manna the Lamb now shall feed them,
 and he now their hunger and their thirst shall allay.

4, Lo! who are these with the Lamb on Mount Zion?
 Or who can learn the song to which they gave birth?
 None but the sons and the daughters of Zion,
 virgins undefil'd and redeem'd from the earth;
 Faultless they stand in the sight of Jehovah,
 And in their language no guile is to be found;
 They follow the lamb go he whithersoever,
 And keep his commandments—In grace they abound.

XXXVI. *A Morning-Hymn.* B. S. Y. 1, 9, 2, 1817.

ARISE, my soul arise! and with this opening day,
 Pursue the gospel prize, along the narrow way:
 Away each sluggish thought,—each unbelieving fear—
 The peace the gospel's brought, for me is not too dear.

2. This morning now is mine, I have much work to do.
 Then let me not repine, but cheerly labor through,
 My cross in patience bear, the blessing to obtain,
 And do my faithful share, eternal life to gain.

3. To love, to will, to do what is the will of God,
 With zeal I will pursue the way our parents trod:
 To hate all sinful ways, all vanity and lies;
 So I'll improve my days and break all fleshly ties.

4. To pass away my time, in vanity and lust,
 It shall not be my crime—The gospel is my trust,—
 To keep my tongue from ill, my lips from speaking guile,
 The gospel to fulfil, my soul cannot defile

5. In union I will go,—In love I will unite,—
 The faithful all shall know that I am doing right:
 With them my lot shall be, my portion and my all,
 With them I will be free, and love the gospel call.

6. To do as I am taught, it shall be my delight;
 To bend each stubborn thought, & make myself do right.
 In union I will strive, not looking after wrong;—
 In union be alive then peace shall be my song.

The protection of youth from the snares of the wicked one, has ever been among the heaviest labors of the Church; hence, whatever may serve to expose the enemy and excite the minds of youth to vigilance, is, certainly worthy of all acceptance. With this view, we insert the following poem, which seems to have been intended for some special use or purpose.

XXXVII. *Repentance and Confession.*

GOOD honor'd fathers in your lots,
 and aged mothers too,
We look not on you as despots,
 and can have no such view;
Your government sometimes we own,
 on us has been severe,
But still with heedless steps we ran,
 in your full wild career.

2. We little thought what you'd to bear,
 or where our danger lay,
Till we were caught in Satan's snare,
 with shame we have to say.
O subtil snares of sin and death!
 you did my soul deceive,—
I'll speak it plain,—It was my lust
 that did your spirits grieve.

3. That is not all nor half the worst,
 I have a stubborn will:
Tho', for some time, I've quit my lust,
 my heart is filthy still,
Sometimes I ruminat and think
 on objects of disgrace,
 'Tis on the flesh that filthy stink,
 and yet I've show'd my face.

4. O Elders, Fathers, Mothers too!
 what do you think of me?
Shall ever I myself subdue,
 and gain as much as ye?
Then angels witness with my heart,
 ye blessed Ministry,
That I no more from you will part,
 as long as I can see.

5. I'll watch by day and pray by night,
 to keep my soul from sin;

* These various compositions are inserted occasionally, without regard to classification; but we purposely follow this singular poem with a contrast from the pen of an aged brother whose example any youth might safely copy.

I'll wrestle, labor, yea I'll fight,
and not be caught again.

O brethren—sisters— one and all!
will you forgive the past?

I thank you kindly,—Tho I'm small
I'll overcome at last.

6. But still there's more crouds on my mind
and blacker than the rest—

They look more dark, and greater crimes
than all that I've confess'd.

With tatt'ling tongues and lying lips,
I've often bore a part:

I frankly own I've made some slips,
to give a lie a start.

7. But worse than that I've tri'd to do,
when darken'd in my mind;

I've tri'd to be a Deist too—
that nothing was Divine.

But O good Elders pray for me!
the worst is yet behind—

I've talk'd against the Ministry,
with malice in my mind.

8. O Lord forgive' for mercy's sake,
and leave me not behind;

For surely I was not awake,
else I had been consign'd.

Good Ministry can you forgive,
and Elders one and all,

And brethren may I with you live,
and be the least of all?

9. O! thanks to love and charity—
and thanks to Mother's God!

I thank you blessed Ministry—
henceforth I'll learn the road.

I thank you loving Elders all,
each in your sev'ral lot;

Good brethren and sisters I extol—
in love we'll draw the knot,

37. *Gospel-virtues illustrated, by J. S.*

NOW eighteen hundred seventeen—
 Where am I now? where have I been?
 My age about threescore and three,
 Then surely thankful I will be.

2. I thank my parents for my home,
 I thank good Elder Solomon,
 I thank kind Elderess Hortency,
 And Elderess Rachel kind and free.

3. Good Elder Peter with the rest,
 By his good works we all are blest,
 His righteous works are plainly shown,
 I thank him kindly for my home.

4. From the beginning of this year,
 A faithful cross I mean to bear,
 To ev'ry order I'll subject,
 And all my teachers I'll respect.

5. With ev'ry gift I will unite,
 They are all good and just and right,
 If mortifying they do come,
 I'll still be thankful for my home.

6. When I'm chastis'd I'll not complain,
 Tho my old nature suffer pain:
 Tho it should come so sharp and hot,
 Even to slay me on the spot.

7. I will no longer use deceit,
 I will abhor the hypocrite,
 His forged lies I now will hate,
 His portion is the burning lake.

8. My vile affections they shall die,
 And ev'ry lust I'll crucify;
 I'll labor to be clean and pure,
 And to the end I will endure.

9. Th'adulterous eye shall now be blind,
 It shall not feed the carnal mind;
 My looks and conduct shall express
 That holy faith that I possess,

10. When the Old man is so distress'd,
That he is like a sullen beast,
His gloomy features I'll disown,
And still be thankful for my home.

11. I'll lay aside this idle tale—
So much infirm! so weak and frail!
I will not lie and slug about,
Like one diseased with the gout.

12. I will not murmur, 'tis not right,
About my clothing or my diet,
For surely those who have the care,
Will give to each their equal share.

13. I will take care and not dictate
The fashion of my coat or hat;
But meet the gift as it may come,
And still be thankful for my home.

14. I will be careful and not waste
That which is good for man or beast;
Or any thing that we do use—
No horse or ox will I abuse.

15. I will be simple as a child;
I'll labor to be meek and mild;
In this good work my time I'll spend,
And with my tongue I'll not offend.

16. All evil thoughts I will resist,
In me they shall not have a nest;
Evil surmisings I'll have none,
But still be thankful for my home.

17. To my kind parents I'll subject,
And their good counsel I'll respect
Brethren and sisters we'll be one,
This is our joy, our heav'n, our home!

N. B. Brethren & sisters may take heed,
If I fulfil what I've decreed.
I've testifi'd now what I feel,
And here set to my hand and seal.— J. S.

XXXVIII. SLUG. A Poem by R. M.

ONE lately speaking of a slug,
 The epithet came in so snug,
 My fruitful muse began to think
 How it in poetry would clink.
 As I presume it is no harm
 To paraphrase upon the term;
 Come on my muse, and show, said I,
 To whom this title will apply.

The depth of language I have dug,
 To show the meaning of a slug,
 And must conclude upon the whole,
 It means a stupid lifeless soul,
 Whose object is to live at ease,
 And his own carnal nature please,
 Who always has some selfish quirk,
 In sleeping, eating, and at work.

A lazy fellow it implies,
 Who in the morning hates to rise,
 When all the rest are up at four,
 He wants to sleep a little more.
 When others into meeting swarm
 He keep his nest so good and warm,
 That sometimes when the sisters come
 To make the beds and sweep the room,
 Who do they find wrap'd up so snug?
 Ah! who is it but Mr Slug.

A little cold or aching head,
 Will send him grunting to his bed,
 And he'll pretend he's sick or sore,
 Just that he may indulge the more.
 Nor would it feel much like a crime,
 If he should sleep one half his time.

When he gets up, before he's dress'd,
 He's so fatigued he has to rest;
 And half an hour he'll keep his chair,
 Before he takes the morning air.
 He'll sit and smoke in calm repose,
 Until the trump for breakfast blows—
 His breakfast-time at length is past,
 And he must wait another blast;

So at the sound of the last shell,
He takes his seat and all is well.

To save his credit, you must know,
That poor old slug eats very slow;
And as in justice he does hate,
That all the rest on him should wait,
Sometimes he has to rise and kneel.
Before he has made out his meal;
Then to make up what he has miss'd,
He takes a luncheon in his fist.
Or turns again unto the dish,
And fully satisfies his wish;
Or if it will not answer then.
He'll make it up at half past ten.

Again he thinks it quite too soon,
To eat his dinner all at noon,
But as the feast is always free,
He takes a snack at half past three.
He goes to supper with the rest,
But lest his stomach be oppress'd,
He saves at least a piece of bread,
Till just before he goes to bed;
So last of all the wretched Slug
Has room to drive another plug.

To fam'ly order he's not bound,
But has his springs of union round;
And kitchen sisters ev'ry where,
Know how to please him to a hair:
Sometimes his errand they can guess,
Not, he can his wants express,
Nor from old slug can they get free,
Without a cake or dish of tea.

When call'd to work you'll always find,
The lazy fellow lags behind—
He has to smoke or end his chat,
Or tie his shoes, or hunt his hat:
So all the rest are busy found,
Before old slug gets on the ground,
Then he must stand and take his wind,
Before he's ready to begin,

And ev'ry time he straight's his back,
 He's sure to have some useless clack;
 And tho' all others hate the slug,
 With folded arms himself he'll hug.

When he conceits mealtimes is near,
 He listens oft the trump to hear,
 And when it sounds, it is his rule,
 The first of all to drop his tool;
 And if he's brisk, in any case,
 It will be in his homeward pace.

In his devotions he is known
 To be the same poor lazy drone:
 The sweetest songs Believers find,
 Make no impression on his mind,
 And round the fire he'd rather nod,
 Than labor in the works of God.

Some vain excuse he'll often plead,
 That he from worship may be freed,
 He's bruise'd his heel or stump'd his toe,
 And cannot into meeting go;
 And if he comes he's half asleep,
 That no good fruit from him we reap:
 He'll labor out a song or two,
 And so conclude that that will do;
 [And lest through weariness he fall,
 He'll brace himself against the wall,]
 And well the faithful may give thanks,
 That poor old Slug has quit the ranks.

When the spectators are address'd,
 Then is the time for Slug to rest—
 From his high lot he can't be hurl'd,
 To feel towards the wicked world;
 So he will sit with closed eyes,
 Until the congregation rise;
 And when the labor we commence,
 He moves with such a stupid sense,
 It often makes spectators stare,
 To see so dead a creature there.

Men of sound reason use their pipes,
 For cholics, pains, and windy gripes;

And smoking's useful, we will own,
 To give the nerves and fluids tone;
 But poor old Slug has to confess,
 He uses it to great excess,
 And will indulge his appetite,
 Beyond his reason and his light.
 If others round him do abstain,
 It keeps him all the time in pain;
 And if a sentence should be spoke,
 Against his much-beloved smoke,
 Tho' it be in the way of joke,
 He thinks his union's almost broke.

In all such things he's at a loss,
 Because he thinks not of the cross,
 But yields himself a willing slave,
 To what his meaner passions crave,
 This stupid soul in all his drift,

Is still behind the proper gift—
 With other souls he do'nt unite,
 Nor is he zealous to do right.
 Among Believers he's a drug,
 And ev'ry Elder hates a slug.

When long forbearance is the theme,
 A warm believer he would seem—
 For diff'rent tastes give gen'rous scope,
 And he is full of faith and hope;
 But talk about some good church-rule,
 And his high zeal you'll quickly cool.
 Indulge him, then, in what is wrong,
 And slug will try to move along;
 Nor will he his own state mistrust,
 Until he gets so full of lust,
 His cross he will no longer tug,
 Then to the world goes poor old Slug.

The close—A sluggish nature more or less,
 Some good Believers do possess;
 Nor do such souls esteem it hard,
 That from the Church it is debar'd.
 Against old Slug they daily war,
 His very name they do abhor,
 And more and more will be releas'd
 From the old nasty useless beast,
 Till in that order they arrive,
 Where no such drone is in the hive,

89. *A Dialogue—The Church & the Old gentleman.*

To have all things in common, was the apostles' sense,
 And in this sacred order did the true church commence,
 Where ev'ry good Believer his former self deni'd,
 And out of one joint-int'rest their wants were all suppli'd.
 For perfect love & union, Old man you've often pray'd,
 And now the sure foundation is in Mount-Zion laid:
 To your prophetic senses, it seem'd a glorious way,
 But now the thing commences, what have you now to say?

O-g. This glorious institution would all my senses please,
 If I could be supported, in honor and in ease,
 But as there is some danger, I cannot enter there,
 Until I know for certain, how I am like to fare.

Ch. If you're a good Believer, & have your sins confes'd
 You're welcome to a portion, and lot among the rest;
 You'll get no vain caresing, but while your cross you bear
 Of ev'ry common blessing you'll have your equal share,

O-g. This certainly is something that I cannot digest,
 If gentlemen are treated no better than the rest;
 I'm struck with consternation, alas! I did not know
 That this sublime relation would bring me quite so low.

I tho't that love & union among the saints could reign,
 And men of rank & honor their dignity maintain,
 But if I am mistaken, the truth I wish to see,
 For where all things are equal, is not the place for me.

C.— Between the young & aged, the healthy & the weak
 There is a real distinction, that will no union break
 But all who find their union, pursue the gen'ral plan,
 And in some honest calling, do all the good they can.

O-g. 'Tis good to be industrious, but I was never made,
 To work for my subsistence, at some laborious trade.
 I've faith and words a plenty, which you must all adore:
 And thankfully support me, tho' I should do no more.

Ch. If we are rul'd by justice, whatever you may say,
 A faithful good Believer will try to clear his way,
 To gain his food and raiment, and if he can do more,
 He'll consecrate it freely, and give it to the poor.

O-g. *To gain my food & raiment! It is in vain to talk!*
 Can I lay off my broadcloth and wear a linsey frock?
 Or can I be degraded, to live on common fare?
 It is in vain to try it,—I must have something rare.

If at the common table I have to take my seat,
 I ought to be consulted, to know what I can eat;
 And none should be offended to see my honor grac'd
 With rarities well suited to my peculiar taste.

Ch. If all should please their fancy, & nature were not
 The most of our provisions would be entirely lost, [cross'd
 But if we are united, an equal cross to bear
 We still have solid comfort, whatever be the fare.

O-g. Your solid joy and comfort to me is all a blank,
 Unless I be supported according to my rank.
 But if I must be honest, unless I be the head,
 I never can be happy,—I might as well be dead.

Ch. The leading gifts in Zion, whatever you may feel,
 Must certainly be gained by faithfulness and zeal.
 The greatest pow'r & wisdom will always bear the sway
 Nor can the prize be gained in any other way.

'Tis not by vain ambition nor any self-conceit,
 That good Believers labor to gain the highest seat;
 But all the emulation that's at the gospel-feast,
 Is to excel in virtue, and who shall be the least.

O-g. Then if your church-relation must always grind my
 My ev'ry expectation, at once, is at a close; [nose,
 For I must tell you plainly; I cannot stand the storm,
 If I must be degraded in ev'ry shape and form.

In this last dispensation I'd gladly have a share:
 As my superior wisdom I wish to make appear:
 But if in church-relation I can't have elbow-room,
 I would be undeceived, and know my final doom.

Ch. We love plain honest dealing, we hate deceit & lies,
 And now old man we see you, without the least disguise.
 In judgment we're united, and candidly we do
 Reject that haughty nature so manifest in you.

Souls in the truth related are from ambition freed,
 And ev'ry one is treated according to his need.
 The less unto the greater will give the honor due,
 But, self-exalted nature, there's nothing here for you.

Envy and complaining, and even *thinking* hard,
 Are from this feast of union eternally debarr'd
 Then let us be engaged to drive old *Self* away,
 And we shall share together the glory of this day.

XL. *Hoggish Nature.* by J. N. the Tanner.

IN the increasing work of the gospel we find,
 The old hoggish nature we will have to bind—
 To starve the old glutton, and leave him to shift,
 Till in union with heaven we eat in a gift.

2. What Father will teach me, I'll truly obey:
 I'll keep Mother's counsel, and not go astray;
 Then plagues and distempers they will have to cease,
 In all that live up to the gospel's increase.

3. The glutton's a seat in which evil can work,
 And in hoggish nature diseases will lurk:
 By faith and good works we can all overcome,
 And starve the old glutton until he is done.

4. But while he continues to guzzle and eat,
 All kinds of distempers will still find a seat—
 The plagues of old Egypt—the scab and the bile,
 At which wicked spirits and devils will smile.

5. Now some can despise the good porridge & soup—
 And by the old glutton they surely are dup'd—
 ☞ To eat seven times in a day! what a mess!!
 I hate the old glutton for his hoggishness.

6. No wonder that plagues and distempers abound,
 While there is a glutton in camp to be found,
 To spurn at the counsel kind heaven did give—
 And guzzle up all, and have nothing to save.

7. When glutton goes in and sits down with the rest,
 His hoggish old nature it grabs for the best—
 The cake and the custard, the crull and the pie—
 He cares not for others, but takes care of I.

8. His stomach is weak, being gorg'd on the best.
 He has had sev'ral pieces secret from the rest;
 He'll fold up his arms, at the rest he will look,
 Because they do eat the good porridge and soup.
9. Now all that are wise they will never be dup'd;
 They'll feed the old glutton on porridge and soup,
 Until he is willing to eat like the rest,
 And not hunt the kitchen to find out the best.
10. We'll strictly observe what our good parents teach;
 Not pull the green apple, nor thog in the peach;
 We'll starve the old glutton, and send him adrift;
 Then like good Believers we'll eat in a gift.

XLI. Reflections on the preceding poems by R. M.

- SUCH** pow'rful attacks upon *Glutton* and *Slug*
 bring some honest souls under loss
 Their conscience is quicken'd—they cannt feel snug,
 for fear they have not a full cross:
 While their filthy nature they hate and expose,
 and all its corruptions condemn,
 They think that the good which the gospel bestows
 cannot be intended for them.
2. Here Satan comes in with his lying deceit,
 injecting this horrible sense—
 “Your Elders begrudge you the food that you eat,
 their kindness is only pretence”.
- Reject the temptation, for truly 'tis such,
 our parents do plainly declare—
 They never have thought that they could do too much,
 to comfort and bless the sincere.
3. In nat'ral relation they envi'd us not
 the comforts that we could find there:
 They took nothing from us, but gave what we sought,
 still ready to answer our prayer.
 They pinch'd themselves often our wants to suppl,
 when we could make them no return.—
 To call that deception must be a big lie,
 for which the inventer shall burn.

4. In kindness they taught us the way to increase,
to have better victuals and clothes,
And freely enjoy them in comfort and peace,
and give away just what we chose.
At our imperfections they never did sneer—
of envy they gave us no sign,
And Satan himself cannot make it appear
they had any selfish design.
5. When in church-relation we chose to unite,
(tho not for more pleasure or ease)
It has been their labor, by day and by night,
their poor pettish children to please.
In clothing and diet we still might be free,
our wishes or wants to express,
And out of pure charity they could agree
beyond what they judg'd to be best.
6. They never did drive us to any employ,
where freedom and faith would not go;
But freely allow'd us to work or lie by,
and finally reap as we sow.
The weak and dejected they kindly have nurs'd,
and such did they ever despise?
Nay; when the foul spirit has breath'd out his worst,
'tis nothing but manifest lies.
7. They left it with us to be false or sincere—
to cross or to please the old man;
But their honest counsel to brethren in care
was—Satisfy all, if you can.
O blessed protectors of union and peace!
each faithful Believer can say,
our kindness has ever been on the increase—
your love we can never repay.
- The sense of the glutton is different from this:
for self he will constantly plead.
The gifts of the needy he's sure not to miss,
and still the poor creature's in need.
At all this pure kindness he proudly can scoff,
for kindness he never has seen;
And so he pretends that he has to go off,
because he's been treated so mean.

9. Then why should we stand in a moment's suspense,
or parley with lies and deceit?

Our parents and elders have giv'n us their sense,
that we should have plenty to eat.

When full satisfaction they mean to impart,
and answer the wishes of all,

To call into question their kindness of heart,
may lead to a dangerous fall.

10 From pure love & kindness those blessings do spring,
and shall we not freely partake?

The faithful are welcome to ev'ry good thing,
which they by industry can make.

Away with the sluggard, the glutton and beast!
for none but the bee and the dove

Can truly partake of this heavenly feast,
which springs from the fountain of love.

XLII. *Robbery.* 1, 13, 8, 1809.

WILL a man rob God? said the prophet of old—

Can the sons of the whore be so wicked and bold?

This question is answer'd, the thing has been done—

We have witness'd the fact since the last setting sun.

The Church was beset by a black painted band,
With their candles and clubs and their pistols in hand:
Twelve strokes of the clock told the dark silent hour
when those wretches came rushing like wolves to devour.

With their pistols presented they enter'd each room,
Crying, Give us your money, or death is your doom?
Beset by such monsters determin'd to kill,
Our good Elder brethren all chose to be still.

With threats and menaces they searched around—
The chests they broke open, and took all they found:
Till a chair from the garret struck one on the head:
Then the stairs they descended and hastily fled.

Ye lucrative monsters! ye fiends in disguise! †\$6
How great was your trouble! how small was your prize!
How careful kind heaven your scheme to defeat!
& how thankful the saints when they saw you retreat!

Such mischievous wretches let statesmen pursue—
 Believers have got something better to do;
 By their faith and obedience the nations they'll heal,
 And lay up a good treasure which thieves cannot steal.

XLIII. Intemperance abdicated. R. M. 1817.

From all intoxicating drink
 Ancient Believers did abstain:
 Then say good brethren do you think
 That such a cross was all in vain?

2. Inebriation we allow [see Test. p. 185
 First pav'd the way for am'rous deeds,
 Then why should pois'nous spirits now
 Be rank'd among our common needs?

3. As an apothecary drug
 Its wond'rous virtues some will plead,
 And hence we find the stupid *Slug*
 A morning dram does often need.

4. Fatigue, or want of appetite,
 At noon will crave a little more,
 And so the same complaints, at night,
 Are just as urgent as before.

5. By want of sleep, and this and that,
 His thirst for liquor is increas'd,
 Till he becomes a bloated sot—
 The very scarlet coloured beast.

6. Why then should any soul insist
 On such pernicious, pois'nous stuff!
 Malignant *spirits*, you're dismiss'd!
 You have possess'd us long enough.

* "We do not use ardent spirits in any common way at all"—Father Job. "only in medicine" Pluribus in uno.

CHH-RULE—"All spiritous liquors should be kept under the care of the nurses--that no drams, in any case whate'er, should be dispensed to persons in common health, & that frivolous excuses of being unwell should not be admitted."
 E. S. J. V. 1826.

XLIV. *The subject continued.* 1820.

TO him that is ready to perish
 strong drink you may freely impart;
And wine is created to cherish
 the heavy disconsolate heart. (Prov. 30)

No medicine need be refused
 to those who need medical aid;
Thus wine or strong drink may be used,
 as our ancient Fathers have said.

2. But out of this good gospel-order,
 the use of such medical drink,
On Satan's dark kingdom does border,
 whatever young Elders may think.

As in ev'ry civiliz'd nation,
 by all that are sober and wise
 'Tis granted that intoxication
 will lead into all other vice.

3. Then look out ye watchmen of Zion!
 when stilling of liquor begins;
This fact you may surely rely on,
 There's danger of manifold sins.

With useful or sacred pretences,
 the world you may try to cajole,
While some are drove out of their senses,
 and rain'd both body and soul.

4. Altho it may seem very handy,
 and saving a deal of out cost,
To make a few|| barrels of brandy, (||40.
 of what might be otherwise lost;
But I am persuaded that Mother
 would rather such stuff would all rot,
Than have one respectable brother
 become an intemperate sot.

5. If medicine must be procured,
 'tis better to make than to buy,
But let it be carefully stored
 for those who in order apply.

If drunkards are cursed and hated,
 forsooth,, will it take off the curse, [a nurse,
If any be intoxicated by liquor dispens'd by

XLV. (174) *Wisdom's Vale*

I love to dwell in wisdom's vale,
where innocence reposes—
To breathe the sweet perfumed gale
from ever-living roses.
O, how refreshing are the show'rs!
of heav'nly dews distilling—
Then come—O come! this vale is ours;
if only we are willing,

2. To hear and heed what wisdom says—
in this we witness heaven.

'Tis here that God his pow'r displays—
'tis here we are forgiven—

'Tis here that love increases love,
and all who ever prove it

Do swiftly still in goodness move,
and still the better love it.

3. How much soever we're beset,
If peace we wish to gain it,

Then ev'ry order that is set
we'll faithfully maintain it.

If any should be so unwise,
their privilege to lose it,

Then let us be the more alive,
that we may not abuse it,

XLVI. *Vain world!*

Farewell! farewell! vain world farewell!
I find no rest in thee.

Thy greatest pleasures form a hell
too dark and sad for me.

Alas! Alas! I have too long
prefer'd thy sinful croud;

I listen'd to your Syren song,
while mercy call'd aloud.

2. Farewell, vain world! I say once more,
I'm bound for Canaan's land.

I see a happy world before—
prepar'd at God's right hand.

On life's tempestuous sea I sail,
 While countless billows roll;
 But Christ my pilot will not fail,
 with him I trust my soul.

3. He can command the roaring tide,
 and silence all my foes:

With courage safely I can ride
 through ev'ry wind that blows;
 Then as I daily homeward steer
 toward the land of peace,
 This world does less and less appear
 and all its charms decrease.

4. Tho shining millions sail'd before,
 who gain'd the port above—

Found nothing in old Babel's store
 that they could prize or love,
 That everlasting glory bright
 will tarnish all below,
 Just as the sun's meridian light
 forbids the stars to glow.

XI.VII. *God manifested. S. T W-V.*

MOST men believe there is a God,
 who by his works is partly known:
 His attributes they do applaud,
 but know not where to fix his throne.

2. Some say 'tis far beyond the skies,
 where ne'er a thought can ever reach;
 But they who have got open eyes,
 a sense like this will never teach.

3. How well it suits the carnal mind
 to have him off so very far,
 That forty thoughts, tho' all combin'd,
 can never reach up half way there.

4. Then must I wander in the dark
 till time and sense will be no more,
 For God himself to steer my bark
 toward the unknown happy shore?

5. Nay, thanks to heav'n I see a ray,
 (tho God *himself* be out of sight)
 That in this great and latter day,
 a God in Christ brings things to light.
6. Now antichrist will have to burn,
 for Christ has kindled up the fire,
 And ev'ry one will have to learn
 that God is come a little nigher.
- 7- As he has come and took his seat,
 upon his throne within the heart:
 The serpent's head he'll surely beat,
 and make the man of sin depart.

XLVIII- *Heavenly love.*

COME heav'nly love and fill my soul !
 All selfishness in me control—
 O, cut me loose—from bondage free—
 Prepare me for eternity !
 In graceful circles guard me home—
 My loving Father bids me come—
 Come follow on in union dress'd—
 Your soul shall land in heav'nly rest.

2. Now with this rich reward in view,
 My Father's footsteps I'll pursue;
 My pray'rs to Mother shall ascend,
 To guard me safely to the end.
 O, cleanse me from all crooked ways!
 That I in peace may spend my days,
 With those who love the way of God,
 And keep this lovely narrow road.

XLIX. *A lively March.*

MARCH on, march on, good souls till
 we come to the promised land—March on
 march on—the heavens in readiness stand,
 The angels inviting each soul to come in—
 Be strip't of old nature. be purg'd from all
 sin—and if we are faithful until we get
 through, a crown we will certainly gain.

LET the young and the old now cleave to the fold—
the wolves are all howling around,

But our shepherd is here let us all gather near,
determin'd to stand to our ground,

Tho their barking we hear yet we will not fear,
the sheep are not injur'd we know,

'Tis the wolves make the rout, then let them jump out,
we chuse that such creatures should go,

When the wolves are away like wild beasts of prey,
they make the most dreadful alarm,

But the faithful of choice will stay and rejoice,
the sheep have received no harm,

Tho the wolves we suppose appear'd in sheeps clothes,
so passed along with the rest,

Yet the good shepherds voice was never their choice,
and therefore they could not be bless'd,

Let the faithful be strong and travel along,

And leave all the rubbish behind,

Tho the lions do roar behind and before,
their howling we never will mind,

For our shepherd is true and we will pursue,

His footsteps we safely may tread,

He has fountains and springs and many good things,
with which all the faithful are fed.

4. Let the sheep be content to stay in the tent,
for this is a peaceable home

But the goat that won't stay may try his own way—
deserters are welcome to roam.

Let them take to their heels, and see how it feels,
to rove in the devil's broad way—

Let them sell their birth-rights for carnal delights—
we want no such creatures to stay.

L. *The good Shepherd.*

I AM the living shepherd, and all my precious sheep
That stay within my pastures, I will forever keep.

My life is not too precious, I freely lay it down, [round.
To ransom all that's giv'n me, from wolves that prowl a-

2. I am the goodly shepherd, my sheep do hear my voice,
To strangers they'll not hearken, they follow me of choice

My little lambs I carry and fold them in my arms,
Thus under my protection, they're safe from ev'ry harm.

3. I am the door that's open, my fold is large and clean,
I lead to living fountains, to pastures large and green,
No wolf shall ever hurt them, nor rav' nous beast of prey,
If they are only careful upon my ground to stay.

4. But O my sheep, I warn you that strangers are about
A trying to entice you, and get you scatter'd out; [lust,
They're throwjng in their darkness, their pride & carnal
Discouragements & weakness, & ev'ry thing that's curst,

5. My precious sheep I warn you, come follow me along,
I'll guide you thro' the darkness, you shall not suffer 'rong
I'll slay those beasts before you, all fleshly lusts cut down
The basest wolf that travels the devil's forest round.

6. If any' chuse to scatter, and wander in the dark,
Remember you're in danger, in ev'ry step you take;
But those who keep their union, & feed around my tent
They shall escape all dangers that devils can invent.

LI. *Christ's Second Appearing.* H. L. E.

How has Christ to us appeared?

How to us is he made known?

By what tie is he endeared?

Through what channel does he come?

In what city?—On what tower?

To what place does he incline?

On what summit—In what bower—

where may he be said to shine?

2. In what pure and holy places

can we see his heav'nly mien?

Where the bright angelic graces?

where, O where can they be seen?

Has he sent his gospel to us?

Do we yet the truth believe!

Does his spirit still pursue us?

Do we still his word receive?

3. First in our beloved Mother—

In her fol'wers next he's found;

Who did learn to love each other,
and to keep all evil down.

By the tie of true affection
he to them—to us is dear;

By his counsel and protection
we are made to persevere.

4. Through this channel we receiv'd him,
in this line he did appear:

By their teaching we believ'd him
in his loving subjects here.

Zion is the holy temple
where the Savior does repose;

Each that follows his example,
in his spirit daily grows.

5. On the point of self-subjection,—
in the bow'r of love we see,

Here is Christ the Resurrection,—
here he shines eternally;

In his children who obey him,
here it is we get the sight

In their actions do portray him,—
this, indeed, is heav'nly light.

6. In the messengers of heaven,—
those who did the tidings bear—

Those to whom the keys are given,
lo! the graces do appear.

Here the tree of life is growing—
Here the hungry soul is fed—

Here the heav'nly juice is flowing
freely from the fountain head.

LII. *A March*

Those who're in the new creation
surely find true peace and joy;

In this heav'nly pure relation
nothing can my peace destroy.

Here's my union—Here's my heaven—
here's my everlasting all!

Lord, may strength to me be given
to obey this precious call.

CONCLUSION.— *A Declaration of junior membership.*

WHEREAS with the Shakers, at present, I live,
 This plain *Declaration* I honestly give,
 To show the conditions on which we agree—
 How I'm to treat them, and how they're to treat me.

To be a good member, my honor's at stake,
 That all my old sins I confess and forsake;
 And then, as a brother, it is understood
 That I be employed in doing some good.

In uniform clothing we're equally dress'd,
 And to the same table I go with the rest.
 In health and in sickness, as long as I'm here,
 In all their enjoyments I equally share.

For all that I give, or is given to me,
 From all debt or damage we're equally free.
 The rule on both sides is precisely the same—
 That gifts or donations we cannot reclaim.

My personal int'rest continues my own;
 But if it be us'd as a generous loan
 No debt is incurred: but 'tis understood,
 That, being demanded, it must be made good.

Upon these conditions so simple and plain,
 I'm free to withdraw, or in union remain;
 And if these conditions I should violate,
 I'll calmly submit to the following fate;—

I solemnly say, should I ever withdraw,
 And vex the Believers with riot or law,
 May I in contempt and derision be held,
 And from their good fellowship justly expell'd.

I am in my senses, I'm candid and free;
 There's no imposition practised on me:
 The terms of the gospel I well understand:
 I'm bound to observe them, as witness my hand,—

INDEX

About eighteen cent'ries ago.	45
Adieu to old Adam the first—	17
Adieu to the doleful distress	128
A faithful cross-bearer is now gone	92
A greater work we have to do	145
A happy voyage to Canaan	136
All nature calls for busy hands	33
All hail the last month in the year—	46
A lovely youth has had to yield	84
A Mother in Israel— a Mother indeed	79
And is Hortency really out of sight	90
Arise my soul arise	157
As this is the morn—	47
As we progress in rightcousness	60
By streams where living waters flow	67
Come all who will & drink your fill	44
Come brethren & sisters who stand—	37
Come brethren & sisters let's learn	67
Come B- & S- in gospel-relation	86
Come come loying children	78
Come every good believer come	27
Come friends in the gospel be	139
Come heavenly love & fill my soul	176
Come let us all be marching on	72
Come let us all be of good cheer	53
Come let us be travelling on	116
Come Mount Zion's lovely children	105
Come now dear friends & gather near	82
Come on fellow trav'ers	69
Come thou king of peace & union	61
Come virgins arise & dispel all	70
Come ye souls that want salvation	20
Come ye souls that are sincere	113
Dear friends in the gospel—	55
Embrace with joy what Mother teaches	69
Farewell Br. M. 134 —loving sister	86
Farewell vain world—	174
First Father Adam where art thou	9
Four thousand years had roll'd away	48

INDEX

From all intoxicating drink	272
Gospel orders I'll obey	71
Hail the day so long expected	22
Hail the memorable morn	43
Hail to the King——	156
Hark brethren don't you hear——	143
Here heavy laden souls repose	54
Here lies the corps of E B John	80
How Glorious the warfare	89
How dissatisfaction will roll	64
How thankful how thankful	71
How I prize my lovely treasure	93
How easy the cord that unites us——	57
How has Christ to us appeared?	178
How lovely are the saints above!	131
How happy that immortal mind!	105
I am a cross-bearer my service is free	97
I am determin'd now for one	144
I am the living Shepnerd——	177
If we should examine the universe	28
If angels sung praises	42
I feel to be thankful——	132
I love the precious gospel call——	142
I love the precious way of God	144
I love to dwell in wisdom's vale——	174
I love my captain, that I do	103
I'm a free volunteer——	120
I'm glad I am a Shaker——	13
I'm blest with the gospel of salvation	62
In this world of tribulation	66
I mean to be obedient	68
In the Church of Christ & Mother	72
In good Eld'ress Tency	90
In the increasing work of the gospel	168
It now appears beyond a doubt	147
Kind brethren & sisters I love	56
Let theyoung and the old	177
Lo lo! the summer is near!	110
Lo? in these latter years	148
Lord thy name shall be exalted	65

INDEX

May I my precious time improve	105
More life and zeal I want to feel	72
Most men believe there is a God	175
My heart and my voice in sweet—	151
My heart is a boiling	154
My robe is new my crown is bright	116
My soul is determin'd	132
My soul feels determin'd forever	98
No adverse winds my course	63
Now in this little Gospel hive	64
Now from our brethren & our sisters	133
Now like little lambs on the mountains	111
Now's the time to travel on	109
Now eighteen hundred seventeen	160
O Babylon a mixed mass—	153
O bless and praise the new creation	17
O blessed gospel heav'nly sound	51
O come pure love and fill my heart	65
O come loving brethren	109
O how precious and how cheering	67
One lately speaking of a slug	162
O sing all ye living! with joy	110
O the blessed revelation	21
O thou persecuting Babel	25
O union what a blessed sound	26
Our faithful aged brother John	94
Our good Father David—	77
Our dear beloved Elderess Martha—	80
Our kind Elder brother	81
Our Mother has finish'd her work	73
Our Mother it seems is deceas'd	74
Our precious Mother now is gone to rest	75
Our sister now has bid adieu	85
O what peace and consolation	39
O Zion thou city where God is reveal'd	36
O Zion raise thy cheerful voice!	100
Put off, O Jerusalem—	135
Such powerful attacks upon Glutton & Slug	169
Souls that hunger for salvation	18
The question is asked	111
The Cockatrice	146
The end of all things	127
The fourth of July	129

INDEX

This gospel-subjection 114	123
The cross becomes lighter 150	104
Thus Mother says	129
There's one important question	166
To have all things in common	5
The dawning day diffus'd her light	29
The old antichristians—	30
The army of Christ—	35
The law that came by Moses—	34
To be in my duty—	40
The King of kings—	41
The birth-day of Jesus—	58
Those who will complain—	59
The artful delusions and guile	68
The spirit of obedience—	173
To him that is ready to perish	120
Was it not a curious plan—	7
We read when God created man	5
What baleful spirit —	95
What is this body, here or there?	49
What think ye of Christ—	31
What a day I have found—	117
When from Egypt first we fled	180
Whereas with the Shakers—I live	57
While folly engages the millions—	171
Will a man rob God?—	14
With pious pretensions—	112
Wake up! 151	115
What pains! 98!	121
What horrors!	124
What think you 118.	99
What heavenly comfort	
When a work 119.	
We often 102.	
Why did you 121	
When the ghost 103.	
When Christ as the way 124.	
When Xt. in 137.	
When I behold 141.	
While some 152	
While our steamboat 119.	
With power & authority	95
Ye hypocrites tremble 149.	
Ye blooming youth	

N. B From the embarrassments, under which this little work has been executed, sundry errata will be discovered in some copies, and more or less in all.

The selection of the matter may be ascribed to a number; therefore, will better suit the various senses among Believers. What would be quite tasteless to one, may be very entertaining and edifying to another.

Finally, Brethren & Sisters, If this Selection should be deemed of any use as a kind of reservoir from which hereafter to select, it will fully answer the wishes and compensate the labors of—

Your devoted Servant in the Gospel,

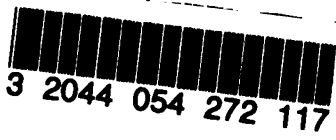
E L E A Z A R.





Acme

Bookbinding Co., Inc.
300 Summer Street
Boston, Mass. 02210



3 2044 054 272 117

